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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Catspaws for the Zeitgeist

THEY used to call it yellow journalism, but popular journalism is a better name now for the tabloids, the "I Confess" magazines, and the read-me-and-weep (or snicker) stories which Struthers Burt discussed in the *Review* last week. The people want them, he said, because sensational journalism satisfies the desires bred of their environment. As long as there are Third Avenue Elevateds, judicial executions, part-educated minds, so long will vulgar, depraved, sensational journalism accompany them, as a dog follows his master.

That was Mr. Burt's argument, which we leave to others to confirm or refute. It is part of the argument from environment which Mr. Malcolm Davis handled with some sarcasm in his review of the Vanguard pamphlets on Soviet Russia, elsewhere in the same issue. Social ills explain intellectual evils: clean up the environment and you clean up the mind also.

But what of the panders and pimps to this public vulgarity? Are they, as Mr. Burt says, mere instruments of a social demand, catspaws for the Zeitgeist? But we know them to be men and women of intellect and ability in spite of the unflattering terms by which social philosophers must decribe them. They are individuals—writers, editors, publishers, reporters—they are close to us, they are human; the public, one is tempted to say, is not. As individuals they must have problems not altogether caused by the climate, the slums, industrialism, or psychological suppression. It is difficult to regard them as steps in a process, as beings devoid of responsibility for conditions of which they are a part.

Yes, but that is a way we have with our new views on responsibility. Nothing is anyone's fault, all that is wrong must be charged to the time spirit, to psychological conditioning, to economic urges, to the environment. Everything is so infinitely related to everything else that if milk is to be p rer or voting honest, nothing short of remaking the universe will guarantee a cure. Gambling is human nature, hence let gambling alone until you revise human nature. Sensationalism is an offspring of industrialism, hence disregard neuroticism and morbidity while you proceed to reverse the industrial revolution.

* * *

Perhaps, perhaps—but in this large talk of large issues the individual is lost. The public craves its tabloid, but what of the man who makes it; has he no rights, no intellectual integrity to safeguard, no longings to be a middleman in a better traffic? Is it enough to say, Forgive them, Lord, for they know what they do, but cannot help it!

Cannot help what? No one supposes that the sponsors of popular journalism are free agents. They cannot remake democracy according to an honest journalist's desire, they cannot escape from the tremendous pressure of popular demand, but their minds are relatively free, with a freedom gained from education and clarified by experience. They know good journalism from bad, the reasonably true from the certainly false. If the public demands patent medicine, patent medicine it must have, but it can be drugs, not slow poison. If the great public is essentially vulgar in the modern sense of that word (and this is by no means proved), if life is badly organized, and the corners of civilization choked with dirt, that is no excuse for the man who willingly makes dirt breed dirt, carries disorganization into new limits, out-vulgarizes vulgarity. It is mere coddling to call these able folk, who can pass any intelligence test and make journalism (if they choose) as socially desirable as it is now socially undesirable, the victims of a downgrade movement toward degeneracy. They can be humiliated, can be scornful, can suffer from cynicism, can like work or hate it, can prostitute for profits, or take some pay out in satisfaction, like other men. They may be sheep in the sight of the universe, but not to each other or themselves.

It may be doubted, therefore, whether the present odorous condition of popular journalism is entirely to be charged to the sweaty public. Some of its evils are due to sheer exploitation, exactly equiva-

(*Continued on page* 680)

The Stranger

By HAROLD VINAL

HE is a stranger to her still,
Too heavy-handed to be more
Than just a brute to break her will
As he has broken it before.

The battle is not hers, but his,
She is a marble that must yield,
But yet her hour of triumph is
A fruitful field.

He takes her in his time of need,
She is as soft as any dove,
A broken and rebellious reed
Bent downward by his love.

She bears his insults and his lust
With eyes perhaps that are too mild,
His treacheries because she must—
He is the father of her child.

This Week

"Sulla, the Fortunate."
Reviewed by *M. R. Dobie.*
French Books on America.
Reviewed by *Charles Cestre.*
"The Standardization of Error."
Reviewed by *E. M. East.*
Books on Blake.
Reviewed by *Foster Damon.*
"The Way Things Are," and "A Girl Adoring."
Reviewed by *Amy Loveman.*
"The Three-Cornered Hat."
Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*
"Life and the Student," and "Literary Blasphemies."
Reviewed by *Arthur W. Colton.*
French Memoirs.
Reviewed by *Walter W. Hayward.*
Granules from an Hour Glass.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Frémont.
Reviewed by *F. S. Dellenbaugh.*

Rudyard Kipling*

By LEONARD BACON

RUDYARD KIPLING is now sixty-two. He has had a career successful beyond any recorded in the history of literature. He was world-famous in his twenties, and rightly so. He touched all departments of literature except the drama and criticism, and touched nothing without adorning it. Though prose was his chosen medium, his verse was known in three continents. And his life was one uninterrupted triumph from the 'eighties to the tens. It is part of the tradition on which the insecure twenties are founded, that after "Kim," his powers began to wane. At all events something happened to him at that time. The Nile of his mind no longer overflowed annually with a rich inundation. Instead the flood subsided to a trickle. And concerning the quality of the diminished stream there were many opinions. In short, a reaction had set in.

He had always been opinionated and forthright, and it was not wonderful, if people who did not share his views on the British Empire and the White Man's Burden, on the education of the young and personal morality, should criticize him severely. But there is something fatal and astonishing about the fashion in which almost everything he hated in the world began taking on a new lease of life after 1910. The kind of politics, the kind of literature, the kind of personal philosophy which were dear to him, after that date were derided and actually in the dust. From his Sussex solitude he from time to time emitted comminatory or satirical stories and poems, which his cult (better, religion) accepted with the literal faith that is theirs, and which Young England steadfastly ignored.

And the chorus of indolent reviewers rapidly worked up a new collection of old clichés, whose general purport was that Kipling had been overestimated as a prose writer, and was in no sense of the word a poet.

* * *

The first statement is self-evidently absurd. So long as men speak the English language, "The Jungle Books" will be evidence of the fact that there was a man in England in our times, who was not less than his fathers—a man with divine power to imagine and to express. Mowgli satisfies part of the soul, as Don Quixote and Hamlet and Gargantua and Robinson Crusoe and Tom Jones satisfy. This is simply a fact. To discuss it further would be to join the ranks of those neurotics "whose weak eyes cannot suffer the spectacle of genius."

But with respect to the poetry the position is more ambiguous. Long ago it was said that his great poetry was his prose. Any reader of "The Bridge Builders" must feel the epical quality that supports one half the paradox. And any reader of "The Absent-minded Beggar" must regret the support which that bit of jingoistic balderdash affords the other half. Obviously the reviewers are within their rights when they castigate weaknesses of this description which often appear more nakedly in the verse than in the prose. Clearly they are justified when they pour their contempt upon outbursts like "The Sons of Martha" and "The Female of the Species," whose ghastly rhythms clog-dance in one's ears for days. One must give the reviewers best here, at the same time wishing that he had never written the poems in question. But one may ask

* RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSE, INCLUSIVE EDITION. A new and enlarged edition containing some new poems. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $5.

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why a lapse of taste on the part of Rudyard Kipling is unforgivable, while the intelligentsia say mildly to their protégés, "Go, and sin no more." Lapses of taste those poems certainly are—grotesque over-elaboration of truisms. And the mechanical analogies in which his soul delights too often indicate an interest in the machine rather than in that to which it is analogous. But this is no more than to say that he writes poor poetry when accident betrays him into the passionate consideration of matters of no overpowering spiritual import—something that can happen to Shelley.

And when it does happen, mastery of language and verse are an aggravation. The virtuoso's fingers crash out discords and cacophonies with the same outrageous power that rended our souls in the symphony. But we cannot recall that capricious and misguided hour with pleasure. Kipling has been guilty of this sort of thing much, much too often.

Perhaps causally connected with this is something we seem to have noticed about him. Walter de la Mare in a too little known essay has distinguished between poets. Aware that virtue has departed from the words "classical" and "romantic," he endeavored to discover a more exact definition. He based it on a description of attitude. "Do you find the Kingdom of God within you, or without you?" Kipling finds it without him rather too exclusively. No man in the history of literature had ever seen the world with such burning distinctness. To him, as to his own tracker of the jungle, "The lightning shows each littlest leaf-rib clear." Is it then any wonder that in his verse he should be so preoccupied with the outside of things? That he should spend his power in catching and preserving in the amber of language some ephemeral, wingèd appearance that but for him had perished in the general lapse of things? Over the whole outer aspect of the universe he is the superb and uncontrolled master. But the inner empire, has he subjected that to his will? Can he paint a spiritual landscape with the power that brings a jungle in the Deccan, an icefloe off Greenland, or a stretch of tropic beach visibly, audibly, and tangibly to our senses. The answer is that he can, and frequently won't. Why, God knows.

* * *

There can be no doubt that a great number of the poems in this volume suffer from this "externality." We see ten thousand superlative images which bear the same relation to great poetry that the brilliant pencil sketch of the master bears to the painting which glows with the unnamable interior light. The soldier swaggers by. The Pathan chief speaks to us. We are on the wild ride from Paniput to Delhi. But too often in the poetry we have merely a detached and blazing vignette, to illustrate something that may be foreign or dull.

We see

> Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
> Blazing, amazing, aglow—
> Twixt the sky-line's belting beryl
> And the wine-dark flats below—

and are let down with some moralistic remarks on the hard necessities of war. And when we go back

> To the trumpet-flowers and the moon beyond
> And the tree-toads' chorus drowning all—
> And the lisp of the split banana frond
> That talked us to sleep when we were small

the upshot of the miraculous stanzas is that the English will never understand the feelings of other people—something we are too apt to think we already knew. Too often the fox-fires of his mind blaze on a rotting trunk of platitude. Too often the electric current of imagery galvanizes a frog's leg that has kicked far too frequently.

For the sake of argument let us admit that these strictures are entirely just, something that the man who has thrown them together would hesitate to do. If they are so, then, as a great essayist on a similar occasion once remarked, "What of it?"

After all our carping, after all our reservations, our niminy-piminy objections, our intellectualized and judicial expression of prejudices no better than Kipling's own, where is there such another as he? And to whom does this generation that spits at him owe more? Debtors seldom love the man who lent them money. And pupils are not always grateful to their teachers. Kipling has suffered from this, but it is time we acknowledged our debt and admitted how we have been instructed. He showed us incomparably well a way of looking at the outer world. It would be more gracious to thank him for this than to rebuke him for not showing us another way of looking at the inner universe. And who of all writers of these times has taught us more about the felicities and graces of our own tongue? How he has widened and enriched the language! With what art has he known to set a word so that every facet of it gives back the "blue-white spurt of a diamond." What beautiful ancient coinage has he reminted so that dull eyes have lighted, looking on the elephant chariots of Alexander or the dolphins of Syracuse! He is a light himself and he leads to illumination, and none need be ashamed to be in his debt—though too many of the two-spots of this world have seen fit to inform him as to the proper place to descend.

Not a poet! With those speaking things in hundreds of passages where he forgets the evil powers that beset him and all men—fascinating places where a voice, "all manly," utters with divine energy words that are more than words, places where emotions that seem simple suddenly appear in their universal complexity, and the new is in touch with the ancient deeps, and the old is lighted by strange fires. The things we have lost are here.

> There walks no wind 'neath Heaven
> Nor wave that shall restore
> The old careening riot
> And the clamorous, crowded shore—
> The fountain in the desert,
> The cistern in the waste,
> The bread we ate in secret,
> The cup we spilled in haste.

And what things has he found that we might have discovered—the meatiness, the flavor, and the zest of life and art, staled and corrupted for this generation not by suffering or war but by *cliché*—swapping critics at literary teas.

> Oh charity all patiently
> Abiding wrack and scaith!
> Oh faith, that meets ten thousand cheats
> Yet drops no jot of faith!
> Devil and brute Thou dost transmute
> To higher, lordlier show,
> Who art in sooth that lovely truth
> The careless angels know!
> Thy face is far from this our war
> Our call and counter-cry.

My god, how far!

And there are nobler notes. The American has often been angered by Kipling's dealings with us, seldom generous, and occasionally unjust. If in the passion of the war he disparaged us, we ought not to forget the side of his nature that also found utterance in those times. Poems like "Rebirth" are little read at present, but the writer believes that this will not always be so.

> If any God should say
> I will restore
> The world her yesterday,
> Whole as before
> My Judgments blasted it—who would not lift
> Heart, eye, and hand in passion o'er the gift?
>
> If any God should will
> To wipe from mind
> The memory of this ill
> Which is mankind
> In soul and substance now—who would not bless
> Even to tears His loving-tenderness?
>
> If any God should give
> Us leave to fly
> These present deaths we live,
> And safely die
> In those lost lives we lived ere we were born—
> What man but would not laugh the excuse to scorn?
>
> For we are what we are—
> So broke to blood
> And the strict works of war—
> So long subdued
> To sacrifice, that threadbare Death commands
> Hardly observance at our busier hands.
>
> Yet we were what we were,
> And, fashioned so,
> It pleases us to stare
> At the far show
> Of unbelievable years and shapes that flit,
> In our own likeness, on the edge of it.

There is something here that rises above a feuilletonist's praise as it transcends the hatred and the pettiness, the vulgarity and the vainglory which the time had foisted on the man. Milton struck that note and Wordsworth. Few others have attained to it.

My dithyramb draws to its close. To travesty a more important conclusion the pothouse critics will continue to abuse him without discernment, and we enthusiasts will continue to do him honor in the same manner. Both alike will be ignorant of the true glory of the man who, since Robert Browning was carried to Westminster Abbey, has been the greatest force in English letters—a solitary and extraordinary figure with all the powers and all the defects of genius, at one moment shallow as blue mirage, at the next profound as the Bermuda Deep, wilful, long-suffering, petulant and kind, burning with poetic passion, shrill with artificial rhetoric, immortal in spite of himself by virtue of something hid behind the ranges of personality, that in itself was great.

Life and Times of Sulla

SULLA, THE FORTUNATE, THE GREAT DICTATOR: BEING AN ESSAY IN POLITICS IN THE FORM OF A HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY. By G. P. Baker. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by M. R. Dobie

As our knowledge of antiquity increases, our confidence in accepted authorities and traditions declines. When authors who wrote in Greek and Latin were believed incapable of deception or error, it was possible for us to write Lives of Great Men, with appropriate reflections on the vanity of ambition and advice to Sulla "to forswear public life and sleep sound." Now the historian must weigh evidence and argue the merits of rival hypotheses, until his work reads like the report of a lawsuit.

Mr. Baker returns to the manner of the "life and times" of a great man. He quotes no sources, he does not argue; he has formed his opinion, and bids us take it or leave it. The method has its dangers; for the reader has no guarantee in the book itself, that the author has not departed from the evidence, out of ignorance, frivolity, or a wicked desire to deceive. In this case, he may be reassured. Mr. Baker has used his sources most conscientiously in reconstructing a man and his environment, and on the few occasions on which he writes what may be called fiction, in presenting things from his hero's point of view or describing the reactions of personalities, it is avowed and legitimate fiction, like the speeches of Thucydides, based on reasonable suppositions.

The result is a very vivid picture, as accurate as our knowledge permits, of that strange, turbulent Rome, blundering dangerously in its new-found emancipation from old disciplines and its new-found wealth and power, to be saved in the end by the new discipline of the Empire. It begins with the Gracchi and ends with Julius Cæsar. The persons of the story, whether individuals or groups, are endowed with a life which makes their conflicts truly dramatic. The great events and problems of the age—the breakdown of aristocracy, the growth of the financial class, the appearance of a nation as opposed to a city, and the advent of monarchy—are set forth with vigor and justice, and are accompanied by reflections which make this truly a philosophic history. As instances of the originality of Mr. Baker's views (at least, they are new to the present reviewer), one may mention his interesting distinction between the position of the aristocrat and that of the oligarch at the time, his statements that the large estates meant a political, but not an economic disaster, and that the number of citizens had to increase with the power of Rome, and his portraits of Lucullus and Crassus.

Perhaps he makes the Rome of the time a little too rude and antique. Greek culture had long flourished in the circle of Scipio Æmilianus, and Cato the Censor had protested against its corrupting influence before his day. It can hardly be said that there were as yet no Oriental Mysteries in Rome, when Plautus had ridiculed the "tambourine-bangers" of Cybele almost a century ago, and the affair of the Bacchanalia was a thing of the past. Mr. Baker might also have said a little more about the great Hellenistic kingdoms, which must surely have had some influence, as an example, on the political development of Rome. He hardly mentions them, and speaks as if the only institution known, except the ancient monarchies of the East, was the Greek city-state, now fallen into chaos. But these are only points of disagreement with a book which, in addition to its more serious merits, is most enjoyable.

A special word must be said for the maps, which not only are useful, but by their decorative character greatly add to the attractiveness of the volume.

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French Opinion on America

LES ÉTATS-UNIS D'AUJOURD'HUI. (America Comes of Age). By André Siegfried. Paris: Colin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $3.

LE PROBLÈME OUVRIER AUX ÉTATS-UNIS. By André Philips. Paris: Alcan. 1927.

DEVANT L'OBSTACLE. By André Tardieu. Paris: Hachette. 1927.

L'AMÉRIQUE ET NOUS. By Emile Paul. The same.

QUI SERA LE MAÎTRE—EUROPE OU AMÉRIQUE? The same.

Reviewed by CHARLES CESTRE
Editor, *Revue Anglo-Américaine*

BEFORE the World War, France had formed her notion of America from La Fayette's affectionate attachment, De Tocqueville's reasoned praise, and Michelet's enthusiastic idealism. There was no point of friction between the two countries. The few French travelers who had visited the States had brought back wondrous tales of America's rapid growth, efficient organization, incalculable wealth, and universal prosperity. We had heard of the political machine and the doubtful part played by money in local or federal elections; but, from national experience, attributed these surface blemishes to the inevitable consequences of democracy. Only a handful of scholars were acquainted with the phases of American history placed under the signs of "the Monroe doctrine," "manifest destiny," or "territorial and economic imperialism." Even the specialists failed to grasp the full meaning of "government by checks and balances" and to fathom the secrets of the Senate's foreign policy. America's entrance into the War emphasized, to French minds, American generosity and devotion to the ideal. There were no bounds to our gratefulness and admiration.

Such a position in the feelings of a foreign country is hard to keep. I need not inquire whether America, after the armistice, sinned by commission or France by omission, or both muddled things from ignorance or national self-engrossment. The fact is that the situation, at present, is fairly reversed. America is judged severely for her instability, feared for her financial and economic hegemony, taxed with harshness (almost with soul-treason) for her attitude towards the debt-problem. Hence, in quick succession, books by writers who profess to reveal the true aspect of American civilization and to pierce through appearances to the country's inner mind. These books are partly or mostly critical, in contradistinction to the nearly unqualified tone of praise, which used to prevail in pre-War writings. Tardieu expresses the statesman's disappointment; Romier, the sociologist's; Siegfried, the moralizing psychologist's; Philip, the laborite's. Tardieu is chagrined; Romier anxious—both, besides, fair and hopeful. Siegfried is tart; Philip aggressive—both one-sided and doctrinaire. The French public are left to find their way through a maze of crosspaths, paved with logic, buttressed by argument, bristling with facts, shaded by temperamental interpretations.

* * *

Tardieu traces in masterly fashion in alternate chapters the diverging trends of American and French history, showing what gulf national characteristics, ethnical traits, religious dispositions, political and economic problems, habitual thoughts and feelings have interposed between the minds of the two peoples, and how difficult it is for them to understand each other. His well-poised views, embodied in clear-cut, epigrammatic phrases, present with force both the positive and the negative side of the questions. There is as much sympathetic insight as keen critical judgment in his bold outline. Never before in France—to mention but one striking feature—had America's earnestness and efficiency in social work (so ably and generously applied during and after the War to relieving the cruel wants of our devastated districts) been so vividly and feelingly described. The author does not dissimulate America's shortcomings, or minimize American mistakes, or shade off American pride, authoritativeness, acquisitiveness, or ambition. But he avoids prejudiced statements, keeps clear of indictments based on exceptions, and winds up with the anticipation of a common effort, on the part of the two nations, to bridge over the gap of ignorance and misrepresentation.

Romier's forte is not a minute or precise knowledge of facts. But his generalizations, in spite of an apparent jaunty carelessness, are of a keen observer and a sound thinker. He realizes the power of attraction of American civilization, the rapid alchemy which transforms the immigrants into *bona fide* members of the tribe, the humane spirit which permeates American methods of industrial organization, the undeniable advantages of standardization and scientific management, the moral and social assets that balance a certain lack, in the nation's idiosyncrasy, of individuality and intellectuality. His knowledge of the problems of modern industry (in his capacity of sociological expert, coöperating with employers and capitalists in the domain of practical realizations) warns him against the rashness of impenitent individualists, who have made it a point, lately, to disparage American discipline. Yet he points out a flaw in the otherwise so well regulated organism; the tendency on the part of women to turn away from home duties, shirk motherhood, neglect the bringing up of children, and too easily give way to fickle or freakish moods, as the divorce statistics imply. According to Romier, Europe can regain her supremacy, if, after stabilizing her finances and rationalizing her industry, she

RUDYARD KIPLING
From a cartoon by Roland Young.

manages the question of marriage, of home life and education, so as to combine the tried virtues of the past with the reasoned novelties of the future.

Siegfried's aim seems to have been to discover the weak spots of the colossus, and, by commending the old-time qualities of the French race, to give his countrymen courage and self-reliance in the oncoming conflict of two continents. Philip—who stands with the learned professor in the relation of disciple to master—completes his work by carrying his enquiry forward into the specialized domain of labor problems. Both try to keep a cool head in face of the so much vaunted industrial successes of America. Siegfried, abstracting from his view the necessity more and more felt by French manufacturers, to adopt the policy of standardization and quantity production, extols the creative spirit of French craftsmen in the luxury-trades. Philip affects to shudder at the inhumanity of the Taylor-system and sums up his observations in the lapidary formula: "American industry may enrich the workman, but it kills him!" Both insist on the servile dependency to which wealth bows the live forces of the nation: the press is bought; the Church, enthralled; the Universities, held in leading strings; labor, pampered and chained. Resisting the feelings of admiration that have been expressed for the bounty of American magnates, the two writers are bent on detecting selfishness behind the so-called "public spirit," and money-interest behind the would-be "spirit of service." Material aims are so subtly mingled, they say, with religious motives that the combination becomes unconscious, or (to use Siegfried's words) places itself "beneath hypocrisy." Religion intervenes in all the activities of the nation: employers advocate it for their workers, whom it makes dependable and obedient; moralists invoke it to enforce prohibition; the Ku Klux Klan, in its name, worry or molest those who stand in the way of the "elect"; statesmen draw from it their doctrine of international peace, with its corollary of a huge American navy, to safeguard peace; the President has authority and popularity in proportion as he is a good protestant and practices the puritan virtues of simplicity, economy, temperance, and those peaceful dispositions which cause him to establish American peace in Panama, Nicaragua, and other Republics. Religion breeds the missionary spirit, which urges Americans, with the best intentions, to remonstrate with other nations, whether the point at issue is the method of securing World peace, or the principle of the gold-standard, or the tariff, or the nations' capacity to pay their debts.

In M. Siegfried's book, the present recoil of French opinion from too great trust in American reliability and idealism is plainly to be felt, as well as the influence of the native "critics" of America—Sinclair Lewis, Mencken, Waldo Frank, who are alone quoted. The information is so abundant, the psychological analysis so dexterous, the inferences so piquant, the portraits so cleverly drawn, the style so full of pep and go, that it is sure to be read as widely in America as in France. Whether the Americans will recognize in it a true likeness of themselves and their civilization, is a debatable matter, that every reader must solve for himself.

The Obsolete Truth

THE STANDARDIZATION OF ERROR. By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1927. $1.

Reviewed by E. M. EAST
Harvard University

WHAT fun the author must have had in writing this book! If any other scrivener has packed as much humor and as much common sense together into eighty-three pages, I have yet to see the product. It fairly makes the covers bulge. "I said in my haste all men are liars." Poor David! He was apologetic about it at the time. But at the moment he is probably saying to Abraham: "I was right all the while; Stefansson has proved it."

Some years ago, in a series of articles published in the *World's Work*, Stefansson made it quite plain that he was irritated over the amount of error in current circulation about his pet portion of the globe, the arctic regions. Recently, while hanging around New York, he has discovered that purveyors of fictions meant no discourtesy to explorers of the Northlands by their extraordinary inventions. They were merely following an ancient accepted ideal that the truth is a bad thing for most people because it reduces religious fervor, lowers patriotism, and otherwise plays havoc with the more majestic human virtues. Having ascertained the extent to which all spheres of human knowledge are permeated by artistic liars, Stefansson's digestion has returned to normalcy, and he lets his readers in on his findings with Rabelaisian gusto.

It is a strictly scientific statistical investigation that he has been pursuing. It is designed to answer the question, Do people, in practice, prefer truth or falsehood? And deception wins by a huge majority with only a few country districts missing. We start in by concealing pregnancy. We evade and deceive about the way the newcomer arrived. We preserve a decent and proper reticence on the wrinkled and red object which does arrive. "It would be dreadful if anyone were ever to find out what a disagreeable shock the first born was to his father." We continue to deceive the child from the moment of its birth about everything under the sun, making the poor infant even learn two languages because "baby-talk is so cute." Then comes the folklore primer, of Bluebeard and Red Riding Hood, to prepare the youngster for the folklore proper which comes all through the teaching of history, geography, government, and physiology. It would be unwise for a child to know the truth about our colonial fathers. Thompsonization is much better. It would be indecent to teach the body functions except from sexless manikins. Among other things, it embarrasses the teacher. Thus, little by little, year by year, we mold the hundred per cent. American.

This is all very well, says the author, but we ought to standardize our procedure. It may be done

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very simply by following the precedent of mathematics, where truth is a matter of definition. Two and two are four because, by agreement, four is the sum of two and two. A figure with four equal sides and four right angles is a square; ergo, a figure not having these qualities is not a square. By following out this rule, many difficulties would be avoided. Take an example. A man reports that there is a red cow in the front yard. A hypercritical scientist objects to the observation. Is the animal not really a heifer or an ox or a bull? What criterion is there for stating that the color was red? The witness may have been color-blind. A still more precise philosopher immediately shakes his head dubiously over the problem of whether cows and front yards have objective reality. These are troublesome points as matters are; but they could all be avoided by agreeing that one of the attributes of a front yard is that it contains a red cow. "If it does not contain a red cow, it is not a front yard."

Proceeding, then, by sensible stages, we arrive at the idea that, a Christian being a *good* man, Deacon Jones, who absconded with the church funds, is not a Christian. George Washington, as a *great* man, could not have been involved in any anticipatory violations of the Eighteenth Amendment. The United States of America, as an epitome of wisdom and virtue, would always be right. If it is not right, it is not the United States of America.

And another thing! This book is a scientific treatise. But the publishers have assigned it to philosophy. Did not the author study philosophy at Harvard in the days of James, Royce, and Santayana? One has visions, therefore, of a great reform in library circles. Think of this volume, which will undoubtedly be shelfed under humor (Dewey System 827.86), starting a precedent whereby all philosophy will similarly be catalogued.

Blake a Century Later

THE ENGRAVED DESIGNS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By LAURENCE BINYON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $35.

BLAKE'S "SONGS OF INNOCENCE," reproduced from a copy in the British Museum. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1926. 25 colored plates. $5.

THE NOEL DOUGLAS REPLICAS WILLIAM BLAKE. Poetical Sketches. London: 1926.

THE POEMS AND PROPHECIES OF WILLIAM BLAKE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BLAKE. By MAX PLOWMAN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927.

THE MYSTICISM OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By HELEN C. WHITE. Madison, Wis.: University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature, Number 23. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by S. FOSTER DAMON

IN March, 1827, Beethoven died; in August of the same year, Blake, a fellow titan, died. All Vienna followed Beethoven to his tomb, and recently the whole world celebrated his centenary. A few friends followed Blake to Bunhill Fields, and recently a few private societies celebrated his centenary.

Yet it is Blake on whom the books are being written today. Beethoven's fame is fixed; one can say little new about him, except on questions of detail. But the value of Blake's works are still being fought over, their meanings explored, their texts corrected; for Blake in his earliest volumes summed up the coming century of poetry, then leaped forward to discoveries that foreshadow our own immediate future. Blake was a century ahead of his world: that is why our world is interested in him for himself and not for his centenary.

In the latest pile of new volumes, Laurence Binyon's "Engraved Designs of William Blake" is by all odds the handsomest. It contains eighty-two plates, nineteen of them colored, which are arranged to illustrate the various methods and stages of Blake's engraving. The reproductions of the color-prints are done unusually well: they imitate shades and textures so exactly that they really give the sensation of looking at originals.

Mr. Binyon's text is the first extended and authoritative discussion, by an expert, of a subject hitherto treated very scantily. In his book-making, as in everything else, Blake was an experimentalist, driven on by dissatisfaction with ordinary methods, into discoveries of wholly new and completely beautiful techniques. The ghost of brother Robert may have revealed one technical secret to William; but Mr. Binyon shows that Blake really evolved several processes, and endeavors with considerable success to trace the course of Blake's experimentation. Thus another mystery is solved and another myth exploded.

Now in Blake's volumes, the designs on each page often say as much as the text: they may be a commentary on it, or they may form a complete series of ideas by themselves. Consequently Mr. Binyon's careful description of the "Prophetic Books," page by page, with due regard for former and conflicting interpretations, is of vast importance to students of Blake's philosophy. Indeed, his entire Catalogue of Engraved Designs cuts in half the need for those rare and expensive volumes, the Keynes "Bibliography" and the Russell "Engravings of William Blake."*

The importance of the decorations in Blake's works is being recognized: as several facsimiles of his original editions are being issued.

The "Songs of Innocence," which has recently appeared, is bare of all foreign text whatsoever—even of a modern title-page—except for a miniature note at the very end. It really resembles the book as Blake planned it. One wonders, however, why that especial copy was chosen for reproduction; the coloring is so hasty and even tasteless that one suspects Mrs. Blake did it overnight for a customer not too particular. "The Shepherd" and "A Dream" are decidedly smoochy.

The "Poetical Sketches," Blake's first and only printed book of verse, has also appeared in a charming facsimile which reproduces even the bad inking and the British Museum stamp on the last page. One's only regret is that it does not contain a list of those misprints which Blake himself corrected in some copies.

The Fitzwilliams copy of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" is now in process of reproduction in England by Max Plowman, poet and essayist. He has already prepared a new text of Blake for the Everyman Library. This text is exceedingly careful: his footnotes indicate collation throughout with originals—in some cases, several originals, for he records variants of Blake's own. "The Gates of Paradise" is included complete in facsimile—the first reproduction which the general public has been able to get; and the more valuable as no book of Blake's suffers more from the divorce of text and design. Unfortunately, the size of the volume prevented the inclusion of three works which Blake never engraved: the early "Tiriel" and the unfinished "French Revolution" and "Four Zoas." The introduction is sane and sympathetic; it is especially distinguished by the first announcement of the structure of that crucial work, "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," hitherto considered as little more than a scrap-book.

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Mr. Plowman's "Introduction to the Study of Blake" states exceedingly clearly the essential facts that an ordinary person must know in order to appreciate Blake's prophetic books. The results of Mr. Plowman's insight are so very lucid and apparently simple that the greatest chaoses spring into shape at his command. For example, Drs. Sloss and Wallis, in their recent edition of Blake's text, described that great epic of the human mind, "The Four Zoas," as an "inextricable confusion." Now that confusion is unconfounded, Mr. Plowman has analyzed the nine divisions of Blake's longest poem as follows:

Night I, the division of the Loins.
Night II, the division of the Heart.
Night III, the division of the Mind.
Night IV, the division of the Spirit.
Night V, Orc (the sex instinct) is born of the divided Spirit.
Night VI, Mind enters the realm of Spirit.
Night VII, the Fall, according to Genesis.
Night VIII, the Crucifixion.
Night IX, the Last Judgment.

Thus Mr. Plowman solves one of the worst of the Blake problems. He also chooses the title-page of "Thel," to demonstrate how Blake's designs are to be interpreted; and he paraphrases the general course of "Jerusalem" in the most lucid of ethical terms. To write thus specifically of the fundamentals of Blake's philosophy usually requires decades, rather than years, of study. Mr. Plowman's work will prove invaluable for those who wish to know something of Blake's thought and feeling before attacking his works.

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From the University of Wisconsin comes a study of Blake's mysticism. It attempts to define mysticism, to study typical mystics, then to define Blake's own mysticism and his "message," and finally to evaluate Blake in terms of other mystics. I fear that this plan is a mistake: Blake stands or falls in his relation to reality, and not to other mystics. And consequently Blake suffers when Professor White at last unmasks her canons of orthodoxy. "Blake," she concludes, "is not a great mystic in any sense that means anything; he is a prophet, interesting and suggestive, but very imperfect and incomplete. And as a visionary, his real power is not to be sought, in the works by which he himself set most store, but in the lyrics of his early manhood and in his pictorial art." This conclusion has been reached, I feel, by an unwitting comparison of Blake's records of What Is (as he saw it) with saints' ideals of What Ought To Be; and naturally Blake suffers, all the more as Professor White can make nothing of the "Prophetic Books" (her bibliography lists only one very corrupt text of the "Four Zoas"), and is quite unaware that the Job engravings are packed and crowded with symbolism, in spite of Wicksteed's excellent book on the subject. So she ranges herself sensibly and earnestly on the side of the angels, with the air of having put the world right at last about Blake, yet still a trifle dazzled by words like "visions" and "mysticism," and wholly unsuspecting what she has missed.

*As the occasional blurring or repainting of these designs sometimes involves more difficulty than might be imagined in their description, I take advantage of a footnote to record the solution of a typical problem. Mr. Binyon has described the "Introduction" to the "Songs of Innocence" (no. 183) as follows: "On either side of the text are interlacing branches forming oval spaces in which are figures of children." I sympathize with his reticence, as I have puzzled over these little vignettes (there are four in each column) for some years. I forget how many originals I examined; but finally, in the Malkin copy (Keynes O), I found the answer, for there Blake, with great pains, had made the designs unmistakable. What Mr. Binyon called "figures of children" turned out to be: on the left (1) a robed and seated figure with another in the background; (2) a nude woman dancing; (3) a shepherd and flock; (4) a mother sitting over a cradle with a baby in it; and in the column on the right (5) a bird flying upward to a bough; (6) a nude woman with a baby in her lap; (7) a woman feeding birds; and (8) two figures seated beneath a bough.

Catspaws for the Zeitgeist

(*Continued from page* 677)

lent to commercialized vice. Shrewd entrepreneurs see a public weakness, and turn it into cash. They may be symbols of an economic order and unwitting agents of change, but they are also hard-boiled men and women in search of a profit, and are best regarded as such. And much sweaty journalism comes from honest cynics who believe the public to be swine and the difference between bad and good unimportant in dealing with them. The most logical person in the world of cheap journalism is an American intellectual who believes that our civilization is properly doomed to destruction, thinks that the tabloid is an excellent agent in hastening the desired event, and operates one for this very purpose. He at least thinks he pulls the great sow humanity by its nose. But we others, who do not share his hope of an immediate débâcle, do not have to be dragged after, helpless and unresisting, like symbols in a Russian drama. We may not have much control over our destinies, but we have enough to make a choice.

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Distinguished Fiction

THE WAY THINGS ARE. By E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928.
A GIRL ADORING. By Viola Meynell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

WE have bracketed these books not so much because of similarity in type between them as because they seem to us alike to exemplify a virtue all too rare in contemporary fiction—lack of stridence. Miss Meynell writes of the young girl at the gates of love, untried, eager, afraid, and Mrs. Delafield of the married woman, sucked up by a sudden romantic attachment from the rut of routine only to realize that the bonds of affection, and the decencies it imposes, can be too powerful for the pull of passion. Both deal with homely life and circumstance—neither goes far beyond the family circle for her incident—and both deal with it with that nice perception of values that views life in perspective and knows that the small duties and automatic responses to custom of the daily round of living imperceptibly but surely mitigate the tragedies and disappointments of existence. Theirs is civilized writing, aware of the complications of human relationships but not stampeded by them into bitterness or wrath, sensitive but not sentimental, and Mrs. Delafield's, at least, illuminated by a penetrating but never mordant satirical humor.

"The Way Things Are" is the tale of Laura Temple who for seven years had been married to good, undemonstrative, well-content Alfred.

> Every evening after dinner they sat in the drawing room, or, on those rare summer evenings when it was hot, in the garden, and Alfred talked not at all, and Laura, in spite of almost frenzied resolutions to the contrary, found herself preparing to talk—and often, indeed, actually talking—about the children, the servants, or the question of expense.

Life, so far as outward manifestations were concerned, had not been unkind to Laura. She had a husband to whom his home spelled contentment, two boys, one of whom she loved and the other of whom she adored, a well-ordered and comfortable establishment, neighbors, and occasional social diversion. But buried deep under layers of domestic affection, under the habits of housewife and friend, lived Laura the creative artist and intellectual woman, whose soul craved understanding and mind stimulating conversation. When Duke Ayland appeared to give them to her, Laura, by almost insensible steps, fell in love with him, and the rest of Mrs. Delafield's story is the narrative of an attachment which is submerged by the tides of duty, affection, and motherhood. Laura, having tasted the delights of a companionship in which she appeared to another unique instead of matter of course as she did to her husband, finds that established ties are too much for her, and renounces the prospect of romance.

> She was in love with Duke, undoubtedly, but she could not, at a distance of two hundred miles, remain in love with him indefinitely—nor he with her.
>
> Alas, for the brief-lived romanticism of an attachment between a man and a woman, unsupported by even occasional proximity! Laura at last admitted to herself that she and Duke Ayland, in common with the vast majority of their fellow-beings, were incapable of the ideal, imperishable, love for which the world was said to be well lost. . . .
>
> The children, her marriage vows, the house, the ordering of the meals, the servants, the making of a laundry list every Monday—in a word, the things of respectability—kept one respectable. In a flash of unavoidable clear-sightedness that Laura would never repeat if she could avoid it, she admitted to herself that the average attributes only of the average woman were hers. . . .
>
> It dawned upon her dimly that only by envisaging and accepting her own limitations, could she endure the limitations of her surroundings.

This is quiet writing, and "The Way Things Are" is a quiet book. But it is an incisive book, and a wise one, understanding in its psychology, detached in its outlook, and yet quick with its sympathy for human nature. In its own gentle fashion it is a pitiless book; recent fiction can show few more completely relentless characterizations than the figure of Alfred Temple whose prototype is to be found among thousands of men who would be startled at the suggestion that they had serious deficiencies as husbands. This is depiction that deserves to rank with the far more bitter delineation, by the author of "Elizabeth," in "Vera."

Miss Meynell's volume, like Mrs. Delafield's, is so unassuming in manner, so quiet in tone, so subtle in psychology, as to need to be regarded in retrospect fully to be appreciated. She builds up her story of the "girl adoring," who worshipped her sister-in-law, loved her brother, and admired her aunt with eager enthusiasm, and whose untested heart fluttered panic-stricken from love, but gave itself finally with the completeness of the wild thing conquered, with delicacy, with grace, and with comprehension. Claire, Laura, Morely, Gilda, Hague the lover, whose greater maturity tried to preserve its tranquillity from passion as Claire's untried heart shied away from it—these are figures sketched with liveliness and precision. There is a poetic quality—a wistfulness—to Miss Meynell's tale that takes the place of Mrs. Delafield's more ironical understanding. Both have written novels of distinction.

A Classical Farce

THE THREE-CORNERED HAT. By Don Pedro Antonio de Alarcon. Translated by Martin Armstrong. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

EVERYONE connected with the presentation of this droll and piquant story to a new English-speaking public is to be congratulated upon the book that has been made. "The Three-Cornered Hat" was originally written by that Don Pedro Antonio who made it a Spanish classic. This was in 1874. Mr. Armstrong has now translated it with a freshness and gusto distinctly admirable; Norman Tealby has furnished, both in line and color, the most delightful illustrations. The publishers have fittingly clothed the long, thin volume.

THE ACT OF CREATION
Frontispiece plate in William Blake's "Europe."

The story is both witty and endearing. Its substance is the eternal tale of love-roguery of which Boccaccio presents to us so many varieties. The charming faithfulness of the ugly but fascinating miller and his beautiful wife is offset by the hobgoblin machinations of the tricorned Corregidor and his evil familiar, Weasel. At the end of the tale, the Corregidor's wife, Doña Mercedes Carrillo de Albornoz y Espinosa de los Monteros, (magnificent name!) rises superbly to the occasion and comports herself with excruciating sublimity. The night scenes of entanglement and misunderstanding are highly-colored comedy, with a dash of possible tragedy for spice.

This is capital and most spirited farce. To read it, is as if one were witnessing the most deftly-manœuvered of puppet shows, jigging with figures costumed from pre-Napoleonic times. Yet the human nature of the various characters is full of life as well as of liveliness. We easily believe in the innocent fascination of Frasquita as well as in the resourcefulness, heartbreak, and tortured vengefulness of Lucas, the Andalusian miller. There is a happy "curtain" for all, save for the Corregidor, but that punchinello is not too villainous to be convincing.

The author's life was not entirely unchequered. In Spain in 1857 his play "El Fijo Prodigo" was hissed from the boards and he then threw in his fortunes with O'Donnell in Morocco. But later his picaresque account of what followed sold fifty thousand copies in two weeks. Don Pedro Antonio possessed the proper zest for life and the true comic spirit. We are fortunate to have this extravaganza of his so perfectly rendered into our own tongue.

Truculence and Tranquillity

LIFE AND THE STUDENT. By Charles Horton Cooley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.
LITERARY BLASPHEMIES. By Ernest Boyd. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.50.

PROFESSOR COOLEY notes "as the mark of a stable mind that antagonism cannot drive it to extremes," and he coins the interesting phrase "subservience of contradiction" for those who are inspired by opposition, take their cue from reactions, are governed by dislikes, and hence are never free in the subject. Originality raises new questions, but it is not much interested in controversy. "In every time the conspicuous radicals are likely to be contradictors and hence subservient, while real changes gestate in obscurity." He has himself one of those stable, even original, minds—radical enough on occasion, but his occasions are not conditioned by anyone's agreement or disagreement. Of the two kinds of interference with the mind's freedom however, he seems to feel the current and contemporary on the whole more tyrannous than the past and traditional. "In all epochs one who would write something tranquil and considerate must resist the spirit of the time, since, whatever the spirit of the time may be, it is never that;" and again, "a failure to see merit in long accepted authors throws more light on the critic than on the authors. There is always substantial ground for these reputations—one school of critics may be fooled, but not several from different times and cultures"—which brings me aptly to Mr. Boyd and his "Literary Blasphemies."

* * *

My previous impression of Mr. Boyd came from his "Studies in Ten Literatures," where it seemed that if one knew quite a little about the man being studied there was not much added either in the way of knowledge or suggestive interpretation; but if one knew next to nothing about him, one found the subject presented in good shape. Hence—with Mr. Boyd's wide range of languages and good control of them, with his pungent style and ability to give an intelligent account of things one was unlikely to know at first hand—he seemed a valuable writer in that field.

But here he turns to fields familiar to most of us and finds most of us intolerably mistaken about them. One may be permitted to suspect that he is mistaken about our opinions. A great many of his "blasphemies,"—if one can forget the truculence of the manner—seem shrewd and sensible in substance. But the truculence is continuous. He maintains with the conscientious persistence of a monk at his prayers, from defiant title to final paragraph, the principle that "an attitude of appreciative irreverence toward established reputations in literature is as essential a condition to free criticism as are skepticism and heresy to honest thinking." On this, "free criticism" might be apt to comment that while honesty, freedom, appreciation are essentials everywhere, neither irreverence nor reverence are essential to freedom—irreverence is more a question of manner than of thought. Neither skepticism nor faith, neither heresy nor agreement, are necessary to honest thinking. A free critic's concern is mostly with his direct reactions, but he does not surrender his freedom in being aware that a great reputation usually has some basis, and that other men's reactions may have value as a "check up" on his own. Mr. Boyd may be an irreverent heretic toward one church of critical opinion, but he is a fierce devotee of another, which is more or less the contemporary one.

* * *

Puritan, bourgeois, academic, orthodox, mid-Victorian, and so on, are terms of its ritualistic cursing, they are beginning to gather by repetition a faint flavor of cant. It is all in the natural course of things, and I am somewhat of that sect and denomination myself, but it is a step toward freedom when one realizes that in the grip of reaction against something one is no more free than in the grip of its tradition. The Jacobite to whom *émigré* and aristocrat were terms ritualistic cursing was no nearer to unfettered intelligence than the becursed aristocrat. Free criticism is an ideal never wholly achieved; we are all "thobbers," but we catch a glimpse of it now and then, like blue sky through the clouds, and now and then think it the fairest of human ideals. Meanwhile the

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academic Professor Cooley's seems to me more like a free mind than the cosmopolitan Mr. Boyd's.

Chapter I of the "Literary Blasphemies" is addressed "To the Indignant Reader," one of whom does not feel indignant, nor indeed very much impressed, except with the fury of Mr. Boyd's indignation over the placid waters of an uncritical world's conventional opinions. Chapter II is on Shakespeare, in which, if one can escape from the vituperation, he may discover a residuum of good sense, only it seems to say: "This is the gist of the whole matter;" and it is not. Chapter III is on Milton by which one is led, or misled, to think that Mr. Boyd does not know much about poetry. Whether Milton's Puritanism was bad for his poetry or not, or helped his fame or injured it, is a matter of guesswork. Mr. Boyd thinks it ruined his poetry and is the chief support of his reputation, that his only real salvation was the Elizabethan element in him. There may be something in that, although "Paradise Lost" is no duller as narrative than the very Elizabethan "Faerie Queene." But to most modern critics the enduring value of Milton, as of Spenser, is the esthetic, and I do not see how his Puritanism—or call it his austerity—can be separated, like the goats from the sheep, and set off by itself for an inclusive and exclusive damnation. "Paradise Lost" and "Samson Agonistes" have this esthetic power as much as, and with a longer reach, than, "L'Allegro" or "Comus." I suspect Mr. Boyd of limitations. If he had ever felt the big waves of Milton's blank verse go through his nervous system, especially in youth, as some of us have, he would have realized that without that experience there is not much point in talking about Milton at all. Neither do I think Milton was a humbug with his "Tractate on Divorce," though it was patently enough pretty "wishful thinking." Byron posed as a dark mysterious somewhat, but in Mr. Boyd's eyes he had the virtue of being a rebel and a rake and therefore sincere, and Milton had the vice of being theologically and Hebraically moral and therefore a humbug. But none of these vices or virtues seem to me to imply, or render probable, or even suggest, either sincerity or humbug.

Personally, both men are more repellant than attractive to me, as biographical persons, but personally I prefer not to care very much about any of these things. When Byron goes suddenly up on his sinewy wings in "Childe Harold," or rattles along easy and strong page after page of "Don Juan," I don't care what is "put on" or what is not. It is superb. And if I find that to read the "Adonais" and the "Morte D'Arthur" after "Lycidas" and "Paradise Lost" is to find the Shelleyan music thin and the Tennysonian blank verse precious and "dressed up to kill," it may be an unfair experiment, but it points to the real Miltonic values. At any rate it has nothing to do with curates at tea parties reading the Idyls to mid-Victorian ladies and assuring them that atheism was not a necessity. Byron, says Mr. Boyd, "was a personality, though not a poet, of our own 'age of dissonance,' and it is that dissonance in him which has its echo in the modern reader." Except that the "modern reader" possibly means Mr. Boyd, the statement means very little to me. Byron's personality, like the personality of nearly all poets of importance, is of very little importance without his poetry. "His turbulent and fascinating life" in itself was neither as turbulent or as fascinating as that of thousands of obscure men, who being unable to write like Byron are forgotten as he would have been.

* * *

In these and the remaining essays (on Swift, Dickens, Poe, Whitman, James, and Hardy) Mr. Boyd's enthusiasm seems to be only, or mainly, aroused where somebody has shocked somebody. Is not that a bit of an obsession? Whether the eternal English propriety was better or worse than the eternal French triangle is no great matter. Any tendency that becomes an obsession soon becomes tiresome. "The difference between this prurient drivel" of some obscure contributor to a church paper in respect to "The Scarlet Letter" "and the violence of Lockhart (on Keats) is the difference between criticism by critics and criticism by moralizing amateurs." "Drivel" may pass if one must be violent, but "prurient" is mistaken as well as violent. That Lockhart, Jeffrey, and Wilson were competent critics is true, but they were of the eighteenth century tradition, and incompetent to Keats. Does "moralizing amateurs" imply that whoever moralizes is amateur? If a critic can only see morals when the value is something else, he has not a free mind. To the free mind a heresy and a conformity are equally welcome, if they can both show reason. If I were disposed to be violent too I should say that Mr. Boyd's "poll-parroting of pedagogues" and his similar phrases (like Lockhart's "back to his gallipots" or the "our literature though humble is undefiled" of the obscure contributor to a church paper) is also drivel. Not being so disposed, I should prefer to say that Mr. Boyd is a vigorous critic, with whose judgment I frequently agree. If he overestimates Balzac and underestimates Dickens, there are competent critics on both sides of the issue and it would be unfair to attribute to Mr. Boyd a wishful thoughtfulness in the matter, wishful to demonstrate his cosmopolitan outlook; but that kind of unfairness is on his almost every page, part of the stock in trade advertised as blasphemy. His analysis of Henry James is shrewdly devastating. But the novelists most interested in the technique of their art are usually those most interested in James; which might have suggested to Mr. Boyd that to be outside of one's taste and outside of one's competence may be different words for the same thing. There is no objection to limitations, but when marked limitations are joined to a kind of quarrelsome dogmatism, one is tempted to object.

* * *

At any rate it is pleasant to return from this arena to Professor Cooley's quiet study, where something real is gestating. It is not the radicals but the scientists who have revolutionized us, and not by their quarrels but by their thinking straight.

"Let our struggle be with facts, with life, rather than with other writers," Mr. Cooley says, as if he were thinking straight at Mr. Boyd. "One who writes controversy digs his own grave. It is creditable to have an original idea, but to have one and not bore people with it is distinguished."

Professor Cooley is by profession a sociologist, but "Life and the Student" is a volume of *pensées*. Whether called Thoughts (of Pascal and Joubert), or Table Talk (of John Selden and Coleridge), or Conversations (of Ben Jonson and of Goethe), or Journals (of Amiel, or of Emerson and Thoreau in the volumes recently published as "The Heart of Emerson's Journals" and "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals") it is a species with an "established reputation." Ben Jonson's "Discoveries" is the same kind of a book. I have a weakness for the species. The difference for the reader between it and a book of sustained continuity is like the difference between a conversation and a lecture. One's mind is active in the interims, and the result is conversational. But it is not a book for a commonplace man to attempt. There is a certain amount of protection in continuity, but detached thoughts leave one unsheltered. Without coupling or comparing Professor Cooley with any of the famous and familiar, one may say that his is an unusual mind, whose quality does not appear in any particular charm or vigor of style, but in a combination of freshness and sanity, originality and reasonableness, and in this respect is a little like Joubert's. He is independent but not eccentric.

Great Lovers

JULIE DE LESPINASSE. By MARQUIS DE SÉGUR. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 1928. $5.

THE SECRET MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES. Edited by ROBERT CHANTEMESSE. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. New York: Brentano's. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD
Harvard University

THE publication of two volumes such as these is a curious indication of the taste of our time for the "confessional" type of literature, particularly when the self-revelation is concerned with ardent hearts and passionate dispositions. Julie de Lespinasse, by all accounts, was one of the most talented Frenchwomen who held salons in the mid-eighteenth century. She was also one who, as the author remarks, was "no sooner aware of the ocean of passion than she plunged into it." In addition, she had a great faculty for disinterested friendship in an age when every man of sense had to have a woman friend. D'Alembert lived under her roof for sixteen years and not until her death did he discover that he had been her philosopher far more than friend. He occupied the same position in her house as those who saw the Guitrys in "Mozart" will remember that Baron Grimm held in the home of Mme. d'Epinay.

The present biography of Mlle. de Lespinasse is due to the discovery of certain letters which she had written to her lover, the Count Guibert. These had already been published by Mme. Guibert, but, as a wife would naturally publish the letters of her husband's mistress, in a mutilated form. The original letters are shortly to be given to the public; meanwhile this biography paves the way for their reception. In spite of a violent green and purple binding, which would indicate that the book was intended for the boudoir rather than the library, it is well written, as might be expected from an author bearing the name of "Ségur," and is based on a great deal of research in family papers, town records, and the writings of the familiars of the Lespinasse Salon.

Julie de Lespinasse, an illegitimate daughter of a noble family, was taken by the famous Mme. du Deffand as her companion, and introduced to the intellectual society of Paris under her ægis. A furious quarrel took place ultimately over d'Alembert, and the two women parted, Julie taking d'Alembert with her, and setting up her own Salon. Mme. du Deffand said of her when she died, cleverly if sacrilegiously, "if she is in Paradise, the Holy Virgin will need to keep her eyes open, or she will find herself lost to the love of the Eternal." The Lespinasse Salon included almost all the Encyclopædists, being frequented by such well known celebrities as Turgot, Marmontel, Condorcet, and the Scotch philosopher, Hume. After a more or less serious affair with the Spanish Marquis de Mora, Julie met her fate in the person of Count Guibert, twenty-nine years old, author of a book, and with twelve years experience in the army. She soon became his mistress, but could not hold him, and after attaining the heights of happiness, she plumbed the lowest depths, and died an unhappy and disappointed woman.

The heroine of this second volume, Laura de Permon, Duchesse d'Abrantes, was not less a great lover than Mlle. de Lespinasse. Although perhaps not so talented, yet, as a good musician, an excellent dancer, and an entertainer who could make any party a success, she had a great following during the great days of the Consulate and Empire. Late in life, at the instigation of Balzac, she wrote twenty-eight volumes of reminiscences, in all of which she kept herself discreetly in the background. Chance has brought to light the record of her private life, in the form of letters written to her lover Maurice de Balincourt, and her private diary, all carefully preserved for a hundred years in a faded yellow envelope inscribed "Letters of Laura d'Abrantes, containing various curious matters." As hardly any of the letters were dated, the editor, with the aid of the private diary and allusions in the letters, has pieced together the story and edited it carefully.

The career of the Duchess started at a fairly early age. Due to her half-Corsican parentage, she was thrown into contact with Napoleon in the days of his rise to fame. When she was only sixteen, Napoleon married her to his favorite Junot, whose proudest boast was that he was his own ancestor. Neither of them regarded the marital bond as any obstacle to adventure. After many affairs, including a *liaison* with Metternich when he was Austrian representative in France, she encountered the grand passion in all its force when, in 1812, she met Maurice de Balincourt, scion of the old régime. He was twenty-three and she twenty-eight. Their friendship lasted for six years. Laura finally became so serious that she wrote one letter to her lover entirely in her own blood.

After the death of her husband, she became involved in financial difficulties and Maurice came to the rescue. So reckless was she in her expenditures that he finally had to sell one of his estates, and decided then that it was time to make an end. She, on her part, knew enough to "break off at the first refusal rather than run the risk of asking twice." Among many interesting touches of a non-amorous nature, there is an excellent account of the death-sentence and execution of Mashal Ney.

It is unfortunate that the life of Mlle. de Lespinasse has no index. So many famous personages promenade through its pages, and the author has spent so much effort on his work, that this extra labor would have meant little added time and would have been appreciated by many readers. While both books are worth at least a hasty perusal, the biography of Mlle. de Lespinasse is particularly good.

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The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

AU COURANT

REMARKABLY prompt is the Old Mandarin
To adopt the patter of the day
For when you ask him
Well, O. M., how are you?
He replies with pleasing amphibology
"Not so how."

LARGE CAKE, $10

The Old Sinologue, though not distrustful,
Is always wary,
And at his favorite speakeasy
Carefully examines the check before paying.
"What's this?" he asked, laboriously deciphering
Bruno's cursive script;
"I do not remember having partaken
Of a Large Cake?"

Be your age, O. M., replied his companion
(Poo Pitty Sing, that exquisite creature)
That's what they always call
A bottle of wine.
Something in this episode
Amused the old gentleman's eastern fancy,
And thereafter, lunching at Bruno's,
He was always careful to order
"A Large Cake."

PRECAUTION

It was then,
Daintily cracking sunflower seeds between his teeth,
That the Elderly Statesman
Was reminded of that famous coterie of poets
The Seven Loafers of the Bamboo Grove.
Greatest of these, he told us,
Was Liu Ling
Who ordered his two serving-men
To follow him constantly.
One carried wine,
And the other a spade
So the poet might be buried
Where he fell.

ANALOGIES IN THE PANTRY

A good wine
Should stand uncorked a while before being drunk
To exhale its ethers.
So should an author
Having inwardly fermented his work
Remain for a season gently idle and passive
Before writing it.

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

Speaking of wine
There is a little-known story of Marshal Foch.
When the German envoys arrived
To ask for armistice
They were given their lunch
Apart, by themselves.
And by the Marshal's express command
They were served a very rare vintage.
And you might take care, said Foch,
That they observe the label.

It was of the year 1870.

SCENE SHIFTING

Sometimes, in reading a tale,
You find that the scene, as you have pictured it in your mind,
Is wrongly orientated.
You have got all the bearings wrong,
And with a sudden difficult heave of imagination
You have to black out the vision you had constructed.
You must transpose the whole setting,
Shifting landscapes, rooms, characters,
To face another way.

This process has its workings too
For theologians and sociologists.

VISIBILITY CURVES

When daylight is passed through 40 meters of water, the resulting spectral intensity curve is very similar to the visibility curve of the eye. Early life on the earth developed in a watery environment with a vaporous atmosphere. This permits the suggestion that the visibility curve of the eye owes its general characteristics to the spectral intensity curve of Palæozoic daylight.—Dr. E. O. HULBURT, in *The Journal of the Optical Society of America.*

The observant Old Mandarin
Careful student of scientific proceedings
Was delighted by an article by Dr. Edward Hulburt,
Of the Naval Research Laboratory, Washington, D. C.
This essay suggested
That our eyes are still conditioned in their seeing
By the unambitious life
Of the palæozoic fish.

So, remarks our Mandarin,
Perhaps the Ancient Amœba
Still plays carom with our eyeballs,
And even when I pay homage, my dear,
To your visibility curves
(Which are far from spectral)
I peer myopic through the nebulæ
Of palæozoic fog.

FATHER HEALY

Many an odd thing indeed
Does the undismayed Mandarin paste into his scrapbook
And only what he calls his oriental Sang Freud
Emboldened him to reprint a cutting
Which appeared (I have seen it)
In the London *Times.*

I reproduce it verbatim
Before the Editor spots it:

"Father Healy had a wonderful racing donkey
Which he entered for some race in Ireland.
His bishop wrote to him,
Pointing out that it was undignified
For a priest
To be entering his donkey for races.
Father Healy went to the telegraph office
And wired his Lordship:
In deference to your Lordship's wishes,
I have scratched my ass."

FOR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS

When they ask him for his autograph
The Old Mandarin always writes:
The only autograph worth having
Is one
That was never intended as such.

NOCTURNE FOR A SETTLED BUDDHIST

Once I am safely couched, Oh Lily of Truth,
Do not visit me with profane imaginations,
For I belong to the S. G. S. S. G. B.,
The Society for Going To Sleep
As Soon As You Go To Bed.

But if I have to still my anxieties with print,
For prenescient reading
I commend the Panchatantra.

TRIBUTE TO AN ARTIST

I found the Old Mandarin in bed
Reading Saki
With his high-born graciousness
He bade me to a chair by his couch
And offered a goblet
Of the wine of Esopus.

It delights my heart, he said,
To see the Viking boys
Making a drive for Saki.
There is something specially Chinese
In Saki's Tory humor,
He has the claw of the demon-cat
Beneath his brilliant robe.
Suavest comedian, silkiest satirist,
Smooth as a shave.
With a new razor blade.

SHIRT TAILS

Asked for a comment on American civilization,
The Old Mandarin replied:

Your shirt-tails are not long enough.
A certain breeziness about the reins
May be all right for wenches,
But well girded and roomed about
With the kilts of his shirt-tail
The philosopher feels more secure.

CRITERION

In your great country
I can always tell
Whether a man is really important
By the number of keys
He carries in his pocket.

But I reckon success
By a different measure.
He who is burdened
With more than seven keys on his key-ring,
How he has failed in life!

To tell you what those seven keys should be
Would be another poem
And a profound one.

SKIDDING

When a car skids, the experienced driver
Steers by instinct
Toward the side to which she slithers.
Is it not so in the realm of ethics?
If you feel yourself slipping
Don't turn away from the skid
But toward it.

PATET AD ORIENTEM VIA

Aye, said the retired shipmaster,
Who had left the sea and was devoting his time
To the Oriental mystics and sages,
I am Running my Easting Down.

A great light shone around about them
And they were tickled to death.

LITERARY NOTE

A bookseller told me
That after some years of neglect
George Meredith was "coming back."

As far as I'm concerned
He never went away.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Houghton Mifflin Company and the *American Legion Monthly* announce that for the most interesting, best written, and most memorable story with the World War as a background, adapted to both serial and book publication, a prize of $25,000 cash will be awarded. This payment will cover the right of first serial publication in *The American Legion Monthly*, but Houghton Mifflin Company's share of the award will be in addition to royalties on the sales of the book. On all sales of the winning novel in book form made through the regular channels of the book trade, there will be paid, entirely apart from the prize, a royalty of twenty-five cents per copy, with the customary royalties on copies sold at a reduced price for export, or for reprint editions. All returns from motion picture and dramatic rights will accrue to the author, but Houghton Mifflin Company will undertake the sale for the usual agent's commission. Any author, regardless of nationality, may compete in this contest, but manuscripts must be submitted in the English language.

Manuscripts which must be not less than 70,000 words in length and must be addressed to War Novel Competition, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Mass., will be acknowledged and read as promptly as possible by the editorial staffs of Houghton Mifflin Company and *The American Legion Monthly*. All possible care will be taken for their protection, but liability will not be assumed for their loss or damage. Authors are advised to retain carbon copies.

The Competition will close at 5 P. M., May 1st, 1929. Manuscripts may be submitted at any time prior to that date. Early submission is encouraged. The judges of the Competition will be: Alice Duer Miller, novelist, Major General James G. Harbord, U. S. A., Retired, Richard Henry Little, Columnist in *The Chicago Tribune*, John T. Winterich, Editor of *The American Legion Monthly*, Ferris Greenslet, Literary Director of Houghton Mifflin Company.

Their decisions on questions of eligibility and interpretations of the rules and their award shall be final. The decision will be reached by the board of judges as soon as possible after May 1st, 1929, and public announcement made. The sum of $25,000 will then be paid outright upon the signing of the contracts, as outlined in Rule One above. All manuscripts offered in the Competition other than that winning the prize are to be considered as submitted to *The Amercan Legon Monthly* for first serial publication, and to Houghton Mifflin Company for publication in book form.

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Books of Special Interest

A Modern Dictionary

THE WINSTON SIMPLIFIED DICTIONARY. Encyclopedic Edition. Edited by WILLIAM DODGE LEWIS, Henry Seidel Canby, and Thomas Kite Brown, Jr. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 1927. $2.88.

Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP
Columbia University.

IT is said it takes about a hundred years to create an English lawn, ten generations to make a gentleman. How long has it taken to produce the modern dictionary of English? The publishers of "The Winston Simplified Dictionary," in their copyright notice, describe this as "an original work." Undoubtedly it is original enough, and more than original enough to satisfy the demands of the copyright law, but if one were looking for a critical term to apply to it, one would be more inclined to call this a traditional than an original work. In this it would not differ from other dictionaries. The modern English dictionary has such a distinguished ancestry that originality is not required of it. Not that dictionaries might not be improved by a little more originality. But the tone and method of the English dictionary, a composite of lawyer's, logicians, and philologist's ingenuity, has been so firmly established by tradition that only the most heroic effort could change them. What one looks for in a modern dictionary is industry, patience, orderliness, exactness, and these respectable virtues the "Winston Simplified Dictionary" exhibits in high degree.

The "simplicity" of a work like this has a beguiling appearance of ease, but even with the rich traditions of dictionary-making to aid them, the compilers of the book must have spent an appalling amount of effort before they secured the comprehensiveness of detail and the perfection in the handling of detail which they have attained. It has taken three hundred years of experiment and slow evolution to make a book like this possible. But even so "The Winston Simplified Dictionary" is certainly not the last English dictionary the world will see. Of the making of small dictionaries there will be no end, as there should not be. For these small dictionaries move lightly and quickly, and thus keep pace with the times, whereas the composition or the revision of a large dictionary is an extremely slow, costly, and laborious undertaking.

Small and large are but relative terms, and "The Winston Simplified Dictionary" with its fifteen hundred or more pages is after all not so terribly small. However many or few the number of pages allowed him, the great achievement of the modern dictionary maker lies in the skill with which he packs an almost incredible amount of information between the covers of his book. Like Bacon, the modern dictionary takes all knowledge for its province. The dictionary is the modern *Cursor Mundi*. It tells us all we want to know about our world. Beside the thousand pages of the dictionary proper, "The Winston Simplified Dictionary" has some five hundred pages of supplements, containing information enough to satisfy the troubled moments of any man when he takes his pen in hand or merely wags his tongue. It also contains innumerable drawings, and charts and maps and plates in brilliant color. A particularly gorgeous plate which will take the children's eye is a picture of a knight on horseback and in the fullest possible armor.

Confronted with all this wealth of material the reader may well be led to ask in what respect this is a "simplified" dictionary. That it is not as long as some other dictionaries does not make it simple, for brevity and simplicity are unfortunately not inseparable companions. It is just in this direction of simplification that the modern small dictionary can most readily develop something original. To do so, however, dictionary makers must throw over a good deal of the traditional materials of dictionary making. As they work with fresh content, they do better, in the matter of definitions, for example, than when they are hampered by older traditional styles of defining. The definition of *airplane* in "The Winston Simplified Dictionary" is a model of clearness, conciseness, and exactness, but its chief virtue lies in the fact that it defines something perfectly familiar in a way that does not destroy its familiarity. On the other hand, though it may be scientific and logically well constructed, the definition of the word *cat*, a good old dictionary definition, misses all the simplicity of nature. Undoubtedly one is asking a great deal of a dictionary when one expects it to reflect the simplicities of nature, but certainly an earnest effort to simplify would relieve the dictionary of a very considerable burden of unnecessary technicality and formalism.

Bird Life and Song

THE CHARM OF BIRDS. By VISCOUNT GREY of Fallodon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

"THE CHARM OF BIRDS" is a good title for this book, yet Viscount Grey is concerned, in most of his chapters, with solider subjects than the impalpable thing which we call charm. His book, he tells us in his preface, "will have no scientific value," but it is by no means certain that he is right. A great many facts, nearly all of them ascertained through personal observation, about British birds are put together here; there is some interesting speculation, closely and carefully reasoned, regarding certain ornithological problems; especially in the chapters on taming birds and on waterfowl one finds mention of avian traits and characteristics which, in all likelihood, have not been recorded before. The author has paid much attention to the songs of birds—indeed, bird-music may be said to be the principal theme of the book; and there is much value, which may well be considered "scientific," in his accounts of the songs of many of the species which he has observed. In fact, it may be doubted whether there is anywhere in British ornithological literature a more satisfactory study of these bird-songs.

In short "The Charm of Birds" is a solid book from which even the erudite ornithologist is pretty certain to increase his stock of knowledge. It is also a book for the unlearned man or woman who loves the country and country sights and sounds. Lord Grey writes very quietly and with that clearness for which he long ago became famous, at a time when the calmness and the clearness of his writing meant more to the British Empire than a fleet of dreadnoughts. But the reader has not gone far before he discovers how profound is the author's love of birds, how sensitive he is to their beauty and charm. There is a revealing little footnote on page 101 where Lord Grey has described the plumage of the corn-bunting as dull. "'Dull,'" says this footnote, "is used comparatively. The nature of feathers is such that if considered closely, even the bird of dullest plumage is beautiful."

The book is largely a chronicle of the British year with special reference to the cycle of song. It begins with the period of early song, January; passes to the period of increasing song, February and March; thence to "The Return of the Warblers," April. The "Month of Full Song" is May; and after this climax there is a sudden decline, the next chapter being entitled "From Full to Least Song," and covering June and July. "The Decline of Summer" takes the reader through August and September, and this chapter is followed by one on winter birds, which completes the year. The remaining chapters deal with special subjects: courtship, mating and family life, nest and eggs, joy flights and joy sounds, the cuckoo and the sparrow, the taming of birds, and the habits of waterfowl as observed in the famous waterfowl collection at Fallodon.

Lord Grey's book, as just now remarked, is well named, although it is a more matter-of-fact book than its name might imply. The charm of birds permeates it; yet the enthusiasm in it is carefully restrained—too carefully, one sometimes thinks. In the statesman-naturalist of Fallodon we have a student and a writer who can, if he will, show us something of the soul of nature. Here, for the most part, he tells us of what he has seen. One dares hope that there will be another book some day in which he will tell us more of what he has felt.

A complete collection of reproductions of the papyri in the Turin Museum is to be issued by the publishing house of Fratelli Bocca at Turin. The work is to be brought out in parts under the editorship of G. Botti and Eric Peet. The first instalment has been published of the first volume which comprises the civil and religious register of the Necropolis of Thebes under the Twentieth Dynasty.

Alfred Neumann, whose "Der Teufel" is regarded as one of the best of last year's German novels, has just published another historical romance. "Rebellen" (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt) is the first of two volumes dealing with the Duchy of Tuscany between 1830 and 1848, with Guerra as hero.

The best book on the Brontes"—ANDREW LANG
(In his "History of English Literature")

The Brontë Sisters

by ERNEST DIMNET

"ONE will go far to find a truer reading of human beings and artists. It will prove a revelation in its combination of critical acumen with just and gentle appreciation of human strength and weakness." *N. Y. Times.*
Translated by LOUISE MORGAN SILL. $2.50

Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle

by ELIZABETH DREW

THERE is "much that is full of interest in every page of Miss Drew's book for all those who have felt the rare charm of the mistress of the little brick house in peaceful Cheyne Row." *N. Y. Evening Post.* "It is a human picture, vivid, colorful and immensely real." *N. Y. Times.*
Illustrated, $2.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company

Great Britain and the Dominions

Lectures delivered at the University of Chicago under the Norman Wait Harris foundation during the summer of 1927.

The first, second and third institutes on the Harris Foundation dealt respectively with European, Far-Eastern and Mexican affairs. The fourth institute, whose lectures this book records, dealt with "Great Britain and the Dominions." The lectures were made by men eminent in their fields, and are authoritative and informing.

The internal structure and foreign policy of the Empire as a whole are covered by Sir Cecil J. B. Hurst; the Irish Free State by Timothy A. Smiddy; Canada by John W. Dafoe; Australia by Sir William Harrison Moore; New Zealand by J. B. Condliffe; and South Africa by Eric H. Louw and Angus S. Fletcher.

$3.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

The Immortality of Man

By GUSTAV KRÜGER

In this latest issue of the Ingersoll Lecture series, a noted German theologian examines the views on immortality held by "the men of the Enlightenment," that liberal group of eighteenth-century thinkers who are best remembered through the writings of Shaftesbury, Hume, Spinoza, and Kant. The book is not only a stimulating discussion of the question of immortality, but a convenient introduction to one of the most important philosophical movements of modern times, the results of which still have validity for our own century. $1.00

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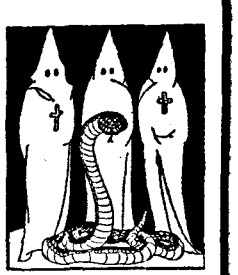
The Shadow from The Bogue



"Police headquarters? There's a man dead—at least, he seems dead." A huge canebrake rattler in a Greenwich Village bedroom—a murder done silently in the midst of Times Square crowds.

By CLEMENT WOOD

E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00

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Books of Special Interest

The Parent at the Bar

PARENTS ON PROBATION. By MIRIAM VAN WATERS. New York: The New Republic, Inc. 1927. $1.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

ALAS the poor parent! His days of security and easily won self-satisfaction are over. He is without doubt under suspicion nowadays, from the social worker, the psychologist, and the teacher. Instead of finding in the original sin of the children the explanations for unfortunate symptoms of activity, the burden of defense now lies upon the parent—to prove that it is not his methods that have been at fault. And if he holds out stoutly for his old-fashioned misdeeds, he is finally confuted by the products of the newer methods tried and proved in what have come to be called the nursery schools—products which reveal none of the unfortunate symptoms aforementioned, or (still more convincing) are disconcertingly cured of them if habits are already formed. Yes—we parents, it seems, must look to our laurels. We are apparently discovered in our iniquities.

Well, those of us who are succumbing to the challenge and humbly seeking a little light for our regeneration find in recent literature much to interest us. In fact, so much that it is surprising to read the statement lying before me that this whole parent-education movement began not more than forty years ago, when Dr. Felix Adler suggested that, since "parenthood is a vocation requiring knowledge, applied intelligence, and the wisdom that results from the combination," groups of women should meet to discuss problems of child-rearing. From this simple but fertile suggestion striking results rapidly followed; nor were they stopped by early criticisms of the blasphemous idea that maternal instincts should need supplementing by scientific research. Such groups now are manifold all over the country, and the associations formed and the publications issued for their support and guidance are manifold, too.

Miriam Van Waters is among those who are contributing to an interesting subdivision of this literature—that written by social workers. They are apt, of course, to deal only with the delinquents or the near-delinquents, since these have come under their jurisdiction, but that merely serves to remind us that the identical types of emotional maladjustment which are discoverable in normal children may, if exaggerated or neglected, lead to the failure which is a synonym for delinquency. Dr. Van Waters writes out of the fulness of her experiences in the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles; her warm sympathy with children and parents makes her eager to analyze the tangles she has come to know of between them and to prevent others she does not know, but foresees. Her theories about the mistakes of parents spring directly out of the actual experiences which she records; a minor criticism of her book is that possibly in some instances her accounts of cases ramify more intricately than the layman will assimilate and properly apply, but as a rule her stories are clear and forceful as well as sympathetic and full of penetration of obscure human motives. The chapters on antagonisms between parents and children and on leadership among children and adolescents are among the most valuable in the book; they will be new and suggestive to many thoughtful but inexperienced readers. The subtle antagonism is a most difficult enemy to trace to its lair, and a most dangerous one if left to grow in strength and bitterness, and this study of causes and solutions of such antagonisms is very illuminating—as is also the analysis of qualities and possibilities of good and evil in natural leadership—a rare but dangerous possession.

At the bottom of the ladder of all these suggestions is found, in the modern concept, the nursery school, which is given its due here as an integral link in the chain of child-rearing with especial emphasis in this book on its function in the teaching of parents. Fathers and mothers who seek to take over the principles developed in these schools will find what not to do more formidable than they could have realized; the whole range of comedy and tragedy will be traversed in the course of parental education, as any will agree who, in seeking light, find that in addition to achieving the more familiar positive qualities they must form "inhibitions so perfect in function as to prohibit them from anticipating trouble, raising issues, arguing, demanding, showing anxiety, or otherwise making dramatic or interesting the conduct which they wish to erase from the child's behavior patterns." *Touché!* . . . Any open-minded parent will groan, but admit the truth. It is a large order, but diligent pursuit of its fulfilment in early days will, so says the social worker, bring the richest rewards of balance and harmony in the still more difficult later years.

Not only parents, but any who are interested in changing conceptions of our family responsibilities will find this book both readable and suggestive, and for those who wish to go further there is a generous list of other reading upon the subject.

A Famous Work

GENERAL ECONOMIC HISTORY. By MAX WEBER. Translated by Frank H. Knight. New York: Greenberg. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by DONALD J. HENDERSON
Rutgers University.

IT is fortunate for the student of economic history and the general reader that the late Max Weber's book has been translated from the German by Professor Knight. Since Gustav Schmoller, Max Weber's name has probably been the most outstanding one in the field of German social and economic thought.

Though some of the chapters concerning the institutions of antiquity and medieval times might be criticized in a technical and detailed sense by experts on these periods, the general method of analysis and the resulting conceptions would not be lessened in value. The author has fitted a scheme of analysis of economic life to the exposition of the preparation for, and the development of, capitalism.

Before the middle of the nineteenth century capitalism had made a good beginning; even in antiquity and in the medieval times there were certain isolated cases in which capitalistic accounting was used. But the factor which produced capitalism as we see it today in the occident, according to Weber, "is the rational permanent enterprising, rational accounting, rational technology, and rational law." Necessary complimentary factors to this were "the rational spirit, the rationalization of the conduct of life in general, and a rationalistic ethic." The above factors were non-existent so long as traditionalism and superstition survived. Economic impulse could not overcome traditionalism. While it was customary and traditional for certain persons to follow certain occupations, impulse alone could not make them change either their occupation or their method of working. "In all times there has been but one means of breaking down the power of magic and establishing a rational conduct of life; this means is a great rational prophesy." Prophecies have released the world from magic and in so doing have created the basis for our modern science and technology and capitalism. All prophecies do not, of course, produce the power to destroy magic. Professor Weber points to India whose prophets have produced a religion of salvation that is a hindrance to rational technology and law. The two outstanding religions that have made the way clear for capitalism are Judaism and Christianity in Weber's view.

The important part played by various religions and forms of magic or superstition in the social and economic life of man is stressed throughout the book. The Marxian interpretation of history and associational forms or institutions does not find overmuch support from Professor Weber. To take one case, prostitution did not originate with monogamy and private property. He suggests that probably it has its beginnings in the form of sex rituals in the temples of the priestly class.

Today the religious root of modern economic humanity is dead. As long as the promise of eternal happiness was held out to the working class they were relatively content. But since the idea has given way to a more rationalistic view of life, the workers are rapidly becoming discontented with their present world. This view of the matter follows from Professor Weber's general thesis of the dominance of the rational over the traditional and its casual effectiveness in accounting for capitalism and its companion social forms.

Irén Gulácsy Pálffy, who is accounted Hungary's foremost woman writer, has recently issued a three volume historical novel entitled "The Black Bridegrooms." It deals with the period of the Turkish invasion when the battle of Mohács was fought.

New Orleans Levee Scene from OLD FATHER OF WATERS

The discovery of genius is the spice of publishing
—Doubleday, Doran

Every great author has to be discovered—and a publisher's keenest pleasure is to discover the first big book of a young writer, and to see his own enthusiasm reflected by the critics and the book-buying public. This Spring has brought us not one, but two such books... Two days after we published *Old Father of Waters* the *New York Times* said: "It is an epic of the Mississippi—memorable for sheer beauty and emotional impressiveness." The *New Yorker* said: "The story is full of thrills, burning boats, duels and bloodshed... Mr. LeMay can, and does, write like an angel or at moments even like that literary arch-angel, Conrad." Its glamour has caught readers everywhere.

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Doubleday, Doran Books

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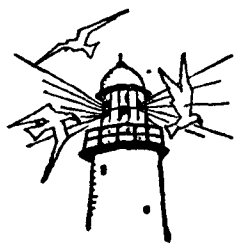
PUTNAM BOOKS

So do humans often hurl themselves to their own destruction.



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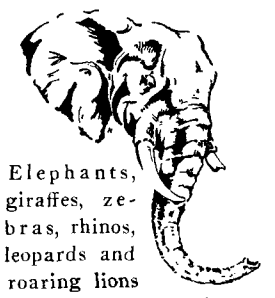

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Jottings on a Learned Profession

By WILSON FOLLETT

IV. Advertising

A FACT which all publishers know, and which occurs to few others, is that for every author who finds occasion to complain about the terms of his contract, a dozen turn up aggrieved by the smallness of their sales, and specifically by the inadequacy in amount or quality, or both, of the advertising of their books which the publisher has done. For authors continue to believe, in the face of all experience and all wisdom, that advertising sells books. And if a book does not sell, it must be the fault of the publisher, or of the advertising, or of the season chosen for publication—of anything under heaven except the book itself.

Now the basic fact about book-advertising has been stated a thousand times, with all cogency and authoritativeness; but, like most of the other burning issues in the same field, it is never stated to anyone except an author whose mind is already closed to reason and whom nothing can convince that he is not being mishandled. Perhaps it is worth while to state the case to the disinterested (but not uninterested) public. The basic fact about book-advertising is this: *Advertising does not of itself sell books.*

If this be so, it seems nonsensical to the outsider that publishers should continue to advertise. But not so fast: let us see how the machinery actually works.

You, the intelligent reader, notice that a certain book—"The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," "Sorrell and Son," "The Mind in the Making"—is being conspicuously advertised in newspapers and magazines from week to week and from month to month. And you say: "My word, the publisher is breaking his neck trying to sell that book!" You wonder why it is so much more important to him than other items on his list which strike you as perhaps worth twice the effort; and maybe you speculate that he paid the author a huge advance and is ruined if he doesn't get it back. But the other publishers and the booksellers do not think about it in any such way. They know perfectly well that the publisher is advertising, not his hope of selling the book, but the solid fact that it has sold. He has bought the space, not speculatively with the future income of the book or with the income from other books, but with a predetermined percentage of the previous month's earnings of that very book. A publisher reads his rivals' advertising to find out what of their wares the public has discovered that it wants. With the existing demand for the article advertised, those advertisements have about as much causal connection as the rooster's morning crow has with the fact that the sun has just risen. The causal connection is, in fact, the other way about.

If you will get this principle firmly fixed in your mind, you will easily follow the rationale of book-advertising, and you will see at once why advertising space is not purchased for books in the ratio of their literary merit. The point is that, if an article is selling, *everything* helps to sell it—publicity, reviews, mentions in lectures or conversations, the physical visibility of copies exposed for sale, advertising. But a book has to be selling in order to get any good out of advertising. It can be given additional momentum that way, but it cannot be started. And it has always seemed to publishers unethical as well as uneconomic to take advertising income away from a book which has earned it, thereby showing that it can profit by advertising, and to spend that income on some non-selling book which, from the outsider's point of view (and the author's too, no doubt), needs it more. The economic point is that the non-selling book is in no position to profit by it.

But, you say, is it not possible to appropriate a great enough sum for advertising a book to make sure of success, and to force it into recognition as national advertising puts household commodities into a dominant position in the market? This sounds plausible until analyzed. The national advertiser of clothes, paint, cosmetics, or cigarettes is organizing his campaign in behalf of some one thing the market for which is practically limitless, not only because of the vast and increasing number of potential users, but even more because he is counting on repeated and habitual use by the same persons over an indefinite time. So long as his article is something that can be used up or worn out, there is no saturation-point. A book, on the other hand, is ordinarily sold but once to one person, and it is little subject to replacement. A tobacco company can afford, if necessary, to spend $500,000 in advertising to get 50,000 customers for a fifteen-cent cigarette: they will be good for $1,225,000 of profit *the first year*. But a publisher, at the same rate, would merely have sold 50,000 copies of one two-dollar book. It is sufficient to remark that the publisher's highest possible profit on a book priced at $2.50 is a comparatively small fraction of a dollar.

The following considerations powerfully influence publishers to continue their present advertising policy:

(1) As long as one's rivals advertise extensively, one's prestige is partly dependent on matching them at it. If a publisher does not use advertising space, the fact becomes noticeable. Among those who notice it are authors with possibly valuable manuscripts to submit, and to them advertising space is a handy yardstick for the comparative prestige of this publisher and that. (2) Authors have both the ability and the disposition to make life a burden to the publisher if he does not advertise them; and a part of his advertising is a part of the price he is willing to pay to keep on an amiable footing with them. (3) Advertising done by the publisher gives the book-sellers a feeling that he appreciates and is supporting their efforts in behalf of his wares; and it enables his salesmen to approach the book-sellers with more confidence and probably to get larger orders from them. The book-sellers read the advertising as a declaration of the publisher's faith in his product, and experience has taught them to place a good deal of reliance on his judgment.

To these items the publisher often adds a fourth consideration. He points out that a successful book is itself an advertisement of his name and imprint, and that for him to advertise the book, thereby calling public notice to the connection between a well-known product and the less well-known producer, is to educate the public to the value of his trade-mark, and ultimately to get people to look to him for books of the same quality. This has always seemed to me, I must confess, a pathetic instance of how an otherwise realistic profession can delude itself. I grieve to say it, but the mass of readers who make it possible to extract a living from the publication of books is just barely aware that a book has to be written by some author or other, is totally ignorant that it bears a publisher's imprint, never heard of such a thing as a title-page, and never consciously rests an eye on anything in a bound volume between the title on the binding and Page 1 of the text—unless there happens to be a frontispiece. Because the schools do one phase of their work so badly and never, with all their employment of books in teaching, impart any information about what a book is and how it comes into being, the habit of beginning a book at the title-page is a relatively late and sophisticated development and is confined to a small semi-scholarly class. To this class—and it includes the booksellers, who do their ordering by publishers—there is no *need* to advertise an imprint; to advertise it to all other classes is the last extension of futility. They simply do not know what a publisher is, or why. The bookstore—or, more likely, the drug store—will sell them the book; presumably some factory made it. For the rest, they should worry. Still, publishers do have faith that they should advertise themselves by means of their more prosperous books. They may be right.

The most satisfactory arrangement for the advertising of a book, for any publisher whosoever and also for any author who can make up his mind to it, is an invention which has been incorporated in a few recent contracts. The ordinary book contract calls for a specified rate of royalty on a certain number of copies—say, the first 5,000—and an increased rate thereafter. By the new arrangement the author foregoes his increased rate after the first 5,000 copies, and the publisher spends a stipulated percentage of the gross income from the book in advertising it—a greater percentage than he could otherwise afford. The theory is that, if the book were to fail the higher rate would never do the author any good, because the sales would never reach 5,000; whereas if they pass that point, the publisher can give them enough added momentum by the advertising to make more money for the author at the lower rate than, without the advertising, he could make at the higher. This plan has at least the great merits of letting the author understand that his book has actually earned whatever advertising it gets, and of taking it out of his power to complain with a show of justice that some other book which deserves less advertising is receiving more.

An industrial psychologist whose special iniquity is exact measurement of the public "reaction" to the comparative qualities of this and that marketable commodity assures me that in the future, thanks to the investigations of himself and kindred specialists, the book-publisher is going to be able to predetermine with five per cent. higher accuracy than now the public response to any given forthcoming volume. If this is so, then there is nothing for the publisher to say except "Be it so." The conditions in which publishing must at present go on are certainly precarious enough, and the most adventurously inclined among mortals could hardly ask for a species of existence involving a higher proportion of risks, losses, and hair's-breadth escapes.

The truth is that the one aspect of a publishing business upon which its continuity and its stability depend is subject to pure luck almost exclusively. The incidentals are calculable enough. It is known what must be paid the author, and when; printing is done at an established rate per unit; paper costs are determinate, so much per hundred pounds, and it is easy to find out how many copies can be made out of a given stock and what the thickness of each copy will be; press-work and binding costs can be known in advance for an edition of any given size, with specified materials and grade of workmanship; the salesmen's expenses over an appreciable period will average about the same; the rate of discount on various classes of sales is fixed; even the overhead—which in American conditions is huge and may exceed one-third of the total cost of doing business—is roughly constant. The one thing which no publisher can tell is how great a volume of business he is entitled to expect.

All he knows is that, by working hard enough, he can get two or three thousand copies of the average book as far as the bookshops, and that the booksellers will then do what they can to get these into the hands of customers—after which anything can happen. The rest may be silence; or it may be a landslide of popular interest. No one knows or can measure by foresight the qualities which determine why people want one book instead of another, or want at one time a book which at another they would ignore. The two or three thousand early copies are probably enough to determine whether or not a book possesses the indefinable qualities which will get it talked about. But no person can determine this in advance—not the author certainly, not the publisher, not the most skilled editor in the world.

It seems strange, it seems even monstrous, that a volume of writing good enough to make such an appeal to the conscience of a business man that he feels compelled to gamble on his own ability to give it circulation should not be sure in advance of enough purchasers to make its existence economically self-supporting. Yet a vast majority of the best books, the permanent books, are first issued at a net loss to the publisher—and to the author as well, if a fair return for his time be included in the reckoning. The trouble is pretty manifestly not with publishing as it is done, but with the public. What, fundamentally, needs revision is not the book-producing industry, but the civilization of which it is a part.

Pending some such consummation, there is nothing for the individual publisher but to go on being, however few there are to know it, the figure whom I have tried to sketch here—a lover of books who is at the same time a really gallant adventurer.

Hungary's former Foreign Minister, Count Miklos Bánffy, under his pseudonym of Miklos Kisbán, has published a new novel which has won much favorable mention from critics. "From Morning till Evening" is a grim story, depicting the interplay of emotion in a group composed of twin sisters, bound to each other by relationship and a mutual antagonism, the husband of one who had stolen him from the other, and an acquaintance to whom the wife gives her love. The end of the book is tragedy.

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 23. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short lyric containing neither the letter S nor the word "and." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, not later than the morning of March 26th.)

Competition No. 24. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best set of verses called "The Passionate Policeman to His Love." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of April 2nd.)

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

I have been asked to call the attention of our wits to THE MANUSCRIPT POETRY BOOK PRIZE OF $500.00 for a book of poems, not exceeding 700 lines in all, by an author who has not already published a volume of verse. Fuller particulars can be obtained on application to Mrs. Grace Hoffman White, Secretary, 122 East 76th Street, New York City. This contest, which has already been announced in *The Saturday Review*, closes on May 1st, 1928.

The Editor reserves the right to withhold the prize award.

THE TWENTIETH COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the best Macaronic Sonnet.

Three Prizes of ten dollars each are awarded to

Clyde Robertson, of Reading, Pa., L. M., and Katharine Gay of New York City.

THE PRIZE MACARONICS

I—PARADOX

THE grave shall bear the chiefest prize away;
No land but listens to the common call
That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay;
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
Years following years, steal something every day
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall:
And worn and wasted with enormous woe,
Upon the arched sarcophagus of pain,
Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain.
Be still, in readiness, you do not know
The night of cloudless climes and starry skies;
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies."

CLYDE ROBERTSON.

II—SONNET

I see so clearly now my similar years
Follow the desultory feet of death.
I wonder at the idleness of tears
Now at the last gasp of Love's failing breath.
Still glides the stream, and shall forever glide,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide
Glory and loveliness have passed away.
What a great heap of grief lay hid in me
To make a darkness for my weary brain!
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see—
The sad memorials only of my pain.
And yet all this were challenge to be strong;
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

By L. M.

III—TO A PHILOSOPHIC SOUL

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
Weary with labor spurned and love found vain,
Let me but know thee. Thou alone art wise,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
I would I had thy courage and thy peace
Possessing or pursuing no delight—
Herein lives beauty, wisdom and increase,
When day's oppression is not eased by night.
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad
And hears all time sound back the word it saith,
I find thee; I am safe and strong and glad
Talking of lovely things that conquer death.
O spirit of man, what mystery moves in thee
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be!

KATHARINE GAY.

The standard this week was unusually high and there was so little to choose between the best entries that the prize money left over from last week has been appropriated to ensure a fair award. Even as it is, several competitors, notably Marie Teddar, Leonard Doughty, and Homer M. Parsons, may be disposed to bear me a grudge. It may be mentioned here that the Editor reserves the right to withhold the prize if, in his opinion, no entry is worthy of it, as has already happened on one or two occasions.

Various kinds of macaronics were submitted. Lyday Sloanaker bravely mingled English, Latin, French, German, and Greek in a sonnet called "Declarationibus," beginning—

Tibi, freund, Ich chant mes heureuses songs amoris,
Très doux Ich singe of gestern y demain;
Comparabilis vous êtes avec du blume Chloris,
Un choreon sacchorum pour mi faim.

which, being translated, runs—

For you, my friend, I sing my happy songs of love,
Thrice sweet I sing of yesterday and tomorrow;
You are comparable with the flower-like Chloris,
A stronghold of sweetness for my hunger.

Periodic, and F. S. Metzger attempted the same kind of thing less elaborately. But the bulk of our competitors preferred the simpler method of welding quotations and the best representatives in this kind excelled. M. I. F. compiled the only really nonsensical piece.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The woods decay, the woods decay and fall.
Myself not least, but honored of them all,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.
Forever from my bitter words and me
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall;
There's my last Duchess painted on the wall—
She sings a pious ballad wearily.

This was excellent, though the sestet fell away. Of those not already mentioned who attempted the more difficult task of writing a valid sonnet in quotations, C. C. Morley, W. L. Wilson, Garland Smith, J. X. Funnel, and R. G. Dayton deserve honorable mention.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.) 1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. ALL MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

$25,000 War Novel Competition

With the tenth anniversary of the termination of the World War, the Editors of The American Legion Monthly and of Houghton Mifflin Company believe the time has come for the appearance of "the great novel of the War."

To stimulate its production, they have joined together in offering a cash prize of $25,000 for the best novel dealing with the period of the World War or with the World War as its background.

This payment will cover the right of first serial publication in The American Legion Monthly; but Houghton Mifflin Company's share of the award will be in addition to royalties on the sales of the book.

Any author, regardless of nationality, may compete in this Contest, but manuscripts must be submitted in the English language, and must not be less than 70,000 words in length. The Competition will close at 5:00 P. M. on May 1st, 1929. Manuscripts may be submitted at any time prior to that date, to War Novel Competition, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

The judges of the Competition will be

ALICE DUER MILLER, *Novelist and Member of the Council of the Authors' League of America, Inc.*

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES G. HARBORD, U. S. A., *Retired.*

RICHARD HENRY LITTLE, *Columnist of the Chicago Tribune.*

JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor of the American Legion Monthly.*

FERRIS GREENSLET, *Literary Director of Houghton Mifflin Company.*

American Legion Monthly **Houghton Mifflin Company**

All inquiries should be addressed to the War Novel Competition, Houghton-Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

MARGHERITA

by Leon Kelley

A finely-wrought (and as yet little-known) novel presenting a personality of robust nature and exquisite sensibilities. "A fully-realized portrait of tragic, disillusioned womanhood."—*New York Evening Sun.*

Joseph Hergesheimer ∽

"I did enjoy it, her, enormously. It seems to me to be a book full of a very vivid sense of life and beauty, unusual in conception. The part I liked best . . . was the affair between Strethers and Albizzi. I thought that was a fascinating war of temperaments in exactly the right setting. . . . The later Margherita, of course, was very well done, individually observed."

New York Times ∽
Margherita was the daughter of an Italian opera singer, Albizzi, and a Yankee father. The chapters devoted to the strange courtship of Albizzi by her determined wooer are vastly entertaining. Mr. Kelley has drawn a touching, pathetic figure in this Margherita.

Boston Herald ∽
Kelley, by giving us history through the eyes of the village doctor and his artist friend, provides it with just that remote and impersonal quality which fits the theme and makes the telling particularly effective.

Saturday Review of Literature ∽
There is the raw material of poignancy in this story . . Margherita all her life wanted affection and didn't know how to go about getting it.

Philadelphia Inquirer ∽
Leon Kelley's Margherita is a novel of exquisite texture. Reared in the sternness of rock-bound New England traditions, she yet possessed the Florentine soul of her mother. Gossips' tongues wagged, but Maggie Strethers heard them not. . . There is an air of tragedy about Maggie, who lingers in memory as one of the striking characters in recent fiction.

MARGHERITA—*$2 at your bookseller's, or at the Putnam Store, 2 West 45th Street, just* WEST *of Fifth Avenue*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS NEW YORK-LONDON

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TO COLLECTORS

& AUTHORS

Mr Ellis is prepared to plan and design in an individual manner appropriate formats for Books, Leaflets Catalogues & sundry Printed Things: to be done into Type and Printed by him at The Georgian Prefs. Commissions of this nature will receive careful attention & INQuiries are respectfully invited from those having Manuscripts or other Miscellanea which they desire Printed

Richard W. Ellis The Georgian Prefs
N° 522 Fifth Avenue New York City

I KNOW A SECRET

by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The Unamiable Child hung the Teddy Bear up by the ears. Neither children nor parents are unamiable while reading this classic story book.

Doubleday Doran $2

"Home Office message begins. Broadcast by all means available. Terrible calamity in Southern Europe. Land subsidence, and Mediterranean overflowing. Spain and Italy believed submerging. Telegraphic communications ceased except through Denmark. Instruct all local authorities control provisions. Arrange population evacuate all unstable buildings. Close all banks. Suspend all transit services, awaiting further instructions. Panic movements of population to be . . ."

And then the waters sweep up and demolish civilization, leaving, among the few survivors, Martin, Claire, and Helen to work out their fate together in a new and primitive world. DELUGE will carry you from that point in the magnificent sweep of its story, like the flood of which it tells.

DELUGE Is Exciting

"Exciting and mentally invigorating," the *New York Sun* says of DELUGE. Llewellyn Jones writes in the *Chicago Evening Post,* "The author carries one along breathlessly." The *New York Times* prescribes DELUGE as "an antidote for ennui," and to the *New Yorker's* critic, "There is more real terror in the description of the destruction than I have enjoyed for years." Henry Seidel Canby adds, "It is difficult to imagine anyone who will not be interested, excited, and stimulated by DELUGE."

DELUGE Is Unique

William Rose Benét says it is "A remarkable romance . . . . enthralling . . . a rare phenomenon." "The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation advertises a first edition of 100,000 copies for DELUGE," says the *Saturday Review of Literature,* and continues, "All we can say is it deserves five times as many readers." On the pages of the *Boston Globe* appears: "Written with irresistible vitality and imaginative force by a brilliant, sensitive, restless mind that humanizes whatever it touches."

DELUGE

A ROMANCE

S. FOWLER WRIGHT

Price $2.50

Publishers Cosmopolitan Book Corporation New York

The Sidney Colvins

By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN died in May of last year, and his wife in the summer of 1924. It is almost curious how great a blank is left in purely literary London by the death of these two. He, of course, will best be remembered by his admirable life of Keats, and by his friendship with Louis Stevenson. The publication of his correspondence with the Colvins, while it did not greatly enhance his fame, gave us a new and vivid conception of him. No doubt Sir Sidney Colvin's scholarly and critical friends gather round his memory, considering the work he did—it reached in many directions—perhaps appraising it. Mr. E. V. Lucas is known to have a book in hand concerning him, but as this will not be ready till later in the year, something about the human side of him, and about his wife too, for it is impossible to separate them in one's thoughts, may interest those who did not know them personally.

In the mid 'eighties he settled down as keeper of the Prints at the British Museum in one of the large houses within the gates; and Mrs. Sitwell, for it was many years before their marriage, was living in a flat near the Regent's Park, writing occasionally for *The Manchester Guardian.* I remember thinking in those early days how good-looking they were. He was thin, which made him look taller than he was, dark, with a neatly trimmed short beard and good complexion: he suggested a Frenchman or perhaps an Italian, rather than an Englishman. She was dark haired too, soft voiced, magnetic, and especially attractive to the other sex. Stopford Brooke told me that more men had been in love with her, most of them distinguished, than with any other woman he had ever known. She and Sidney Colvin were great friends, had been for years, and everyone recognized their friendship. They saw each other constantly, and there were many little dinners at the Museum, larger ones sometimes, at which she was always one of the guests. He was an admirable host, with a slightly old-fashioned manner that had in it a charming deference to women. His talk was chiefly about art and literature, though he took an interest in politics, and was proud of being a good Tory: he belonged to a class that is fast disappearing.

They had many tastes in common which made them excellent companions. He did not care for music and she did, but on all other matters they were agreed. They were both enthusiasts and delighted in coming upon the work of an unknown genius in any direction, and having made one of their discoveries, were urgent and anxious to illumine the world with it. Louis Stevenson was, of course, in full vigor, famous already, and the story of his discovery some years before by Mrs. Sitwell is well known. She was in the country on a visit to his cousin, Mrs. Babbington: there a young Scotsman, "a gawky youth," sat at her feet and tried to prove his devotion by reading his poems and essays. She struggled against them for some time, but one day, when she failed to escape, he read—and read—she listened, was charmed, and wrote at once to Sidney Colvin the news that she had found a genius. I think it was Sidney Colvin who proclaimed him first to Leslie Stephen (then editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*); anyway he proclaimed him everywhere; for he was the most generous of friends—over generous occasionally: a good fault and one that helped some lights that, but for him, would have been speedily extinguished, to shine in strange atmospheres—at least for a time. To give an instance: There was a young writer many years ago, with whose anonymous short stories he was delighted; they were powerful and unusual. No one knew anything about her except Sidney Colvin, who declared that a great literary star was about to arise. One day when I was staying at Hindhead he wrote telling me that she was lodging in a lonely cottage near by; I was to go and see her, to insist upon seeing her, she would probably shut the door in my face, but I was "to get in somehow and to make her human." A difficult commission, and I shirked it; but one evening I came upon the cottage, at the edge of a wood. It was nearly dark, through an open window I could see a woman leaning over the fire with her back towards me; I put my head in and said that Sidney Colvin had ordered me to come and see her, and as she would probably want to shut the door on me I was trying the window. She laughed and I climbed in. She was young, beautiful, and unkempt, so far as I could make out in the dim light. We had a long talk; she was a mystic and dreamy, but strange and bitter, with a haunting voice that suggested memories of pain and disappointment. I never saw her again. She put forth a book a little later; it had some *succès d'estime,* but not much else I am afraid, and nothing else was heard about her.

Reputations rose and fell, but still the generous two went on with their delight in the achievement of others. His modesty was extraordinary; for he had, of course, his own special work and never flagged at it; his keenest interest was in it, but always there was an undercurrent concerning the big bit of work, the work of his life, that he meant to begin when he had more leisure. For though Louis Stevenson was his great discovery, and he proclaimed it with ringing of bells and waving of flags from the beginning to the end, when in his will he left his hero's cap and spurs to Edinburgh, all the time there was Keats. Keats was his religion, his sanctuary, and, he was firmly convinced, the greatest poet that England had possessed in the last two hundred years, or at any rate since Wordsworth. Of course there was Shelley, he duly recognized him, and was glad to remember that his heart was buried near Keats in the cemetery at Rome, it was so appropriate, so right. But if one was too enthusiastic about Shelley the air became a little chilly. He had already in 1887 contributed a volume about Keats to John Morley's Englishmen of Letters series, and edited the Keats Letters. This satisfied him for a time, but deep down the great work was waiting.

The 'nineties saw the advent of Stephen Phillips. This was a really considerable find for Sidney Colvin, and he was among the first to recognize the possibilities of the new poet's future. The house within the precincts of the Museum was a good one for entertaining, a little bleak perhaps, but the drawing-room especially was large and pleasant, and many distinguished parties were given to Stephen Phillips as there had been to lesser and greater lights. It was a downright triumph when his poems were crowned by the Academy in 1897, and a little later when "Paolo and Francesca" was a success at the St. James's Theatre.

In 1903 the obstacles had been cleared away and it became known to their many friends that Sidney Colvin and Mrs. Sitwell were engaged and would shortly be married. The bleak house took on fresh life, new friends and old gathered round them, and wedding presents poured in. The marriage itself was a very quiet, almost secret affair: only half a dozen people knew the exact time and day. It took place at Marylebone Church where two other great lovers, the Brownings—they had both known Browning intimately—had been married in the years long gone. It was a fine morning, but dull and gray with not a hint of sunshine. We were told to take ourselves at half past twelve to the side door of the church. I met Henry James on the door-step, for we were both invited. We entered together to find beautiful floral decorations. "Are these for Mr. Colvin's wedding?" Henry James asked the verger. He was answered with a snort and, "No, they are for a fashionable wedding at half past two." The little group consisted of the Bishop who married them, bride and bridegroom of course, her greatest friend, Mrs. Babbington (who was appropriately Louis Stevenson's cousin), his greatest friend, Basil Champneys, Henry James, and myself. A favorite niece was the only other witness, but she sat far down in the church and did not in any way join the wedding party; she vanished quickly, and had perhaps stolen in unawares. When the ceremony was over we were asked to take ourselves to the Great Central Hotel (a quarter of a mile off), but not in a group, lest anyone should wonder what it meant. So we walked there on different sides of the way, though no one would have suspected six sedate middle-agers, as we were in our everyday clothes, of anything unusual. We sauntered casually into the Hotel, where a quiet little luncheon party had been arranged. It was very quiet indeed; the Colvins were obviously full of happy embarrassment, the guests were afraid to laugh, and spoke only in low tones lest the waiter should suspect it was a marriage feast. We did not even drink their health till someone, Basil Champneys, I think, suggested that it ought to be done. A bottle of still white wine was brought, our glasses were filled, and when the waiter was out of sight and hearing we drank to the bride and bridegroom with little nods and whispers. In the afternoon they started for Porlock on their honeymoon.

It lasted just twenty-one years, and was the happiest marriage possible. They were devoted to each other and what they were to their friends will in some measure be shown by the letters that are left for Mr. E. V. Lucas to use later. But more than this, they tried to shed happiness among those whose share was less than their own. She especially had sympathy and a persuasive manner that gave courage to difficult natures, or to newcomers who stood on the threshold of the world they most desired to enter—the world of intellect and that most maligned word, culture. But if she was sometimes the discoverer in the first instance it was he who, to use his own word, promptly became an inspiring "godfather." Sometimes they made mistakes and reaped only disillusions or brought obligations on themselves, but they had also their reward. When the time arrived for his retirement from the British Museum they took a delightful house in Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington.

There in the new house were more gatherings, fresh stars appeared in the firmament; one of them, Joseph Conrad, was greater than all the others and a lasting joy to them. Sidney Colvin was knighted when he resigned his official work, and a public or semi-public dinner was given to him. It was felt to be, not only a recognition for his services to art and literature, but of his kindly selfless nature, and of all that he had done for others. Then it was that his big life of Keats was taken seriously in hand, published, and a great success; it remains a standard work and a monument to his name.

About five years ago she began to fail, and gave up going out, even to private views or to the music that delighted her, and he had warnings and threatening heart attacks. They recognized the inevitable and faced it bravely, cheerfully and still delighting in their friends, but they knew. . . . In the summer of 1924, gradually, very gradually she slipped away, and he was left desolate—desolate and finished so far as the world was concerned. He cared for nothing but to see a few of the friends who had known them both. He begged these to come often and welcomed them with the affectionate and formal little manner of old, but he was tired, his waning capacities worried him, and he could not disguise his impatience for the end. Those who loved him best were thankful when at last it came—as gently as it had done to her—and she and he were together again.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN ITS FOREIGN RELATIONS. By LAURIE MAGNUS. Dutton. 1928.

This is a most pedestrian treatise. Although the ambition to write a history of English poetry and prose in terms of comparative literature is a worthy one, Mr. Magnus is not the man to do it. His book is one more proof of the unaccountable unfitness of some English critics to write a history of their own literature.

One example of the critical method of the author may suffice. He says that when the Parson of the "Canterbury Tales" in his prologue declared,

I am a Southren man
"I cannot geste" rum, ram, ruf, by letter.

"Chaucer meant by these verses that he could or would not tell tales in the old alliterative manner of the Northern singers." Of course, Chaucer meant nothing of the sort, any more than he meant by the next line, which Mr. Magnus does not quote:

Ne, god wot, rym holde I put litel bettre

that he was opposed to the principle of rhyme. It is not at all unlikely that Chaucer intended that his yeoman should give a version of the story of Gamelyn in alliterative metre. Perhaps the sentence following the above quotation from Mr. Magnus should be added as a sample of the style of the volume, "As mariners, extending the map, sailed westward-ho a few years later, so English poets, extending the resources of language and metre, turned the head of their Pegasus to the south."

The book suffers not only from faulty critical judgment and poor style, but from a quite unscholarly arrangement of material, which renders it unreadable. The lack of design would seem to indicate that it may be a compilation of separate lectures. If so, the title is not deserved. Such a field, for example, as the ballad, the type most international of all its relations, is not even referred to.

SOME GODDESSES OF THE PEN. By PATRICK BRAYBROOKE. Lippincott. 1928.

The fears aroused by the meretricious title of this book are confirmed by reading it. It would be hard to name a duller, more worthless collection of essays. There is not, in the entire book, one illuminating remark about any writer whom the author attempts to criticise. Furthermore, to take but two examples from the essay on Rose Macaulay, Mr. Braybrooke makes absurd remarks: "Women seem to have no sense of tact, they are probably too sincere!" "Religion is the one great theme to bring out the worst in a woman writer."

In his preface the author says that he is not attempting to compare the eight writers, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Rose Macaulay, Ethel Dell, the Baroness Orczy, Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, Cynthia Stockley, Mrs. Henry De La Pasture, Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds; and that comparisons not only are nasty but also violate the sanest principles of Literary Criticism—"that a thing should be judged in so far as it achieves that which it has attempted to achieve."

It is incredible that any writer, and Mr. Braybrooke calls himself a professional critic, should have the temerity to offer these eight pieces as criticism. The book's one commendable feature is its brevity.

Biography

PORTRAIT OF PASCAL. My MARY DUCLAUX. Harpers. 1927. $4.

This volume by the author of a delightful "Life of Racine" is, in comparison with that earlier volume, somewhat disappointing, due to the immensely greater difficulty of its subject-matter. Racine graciously welcomes a biographer; his crystalline mind is easily encompassed; there are no tortuous by-ways in his character to embarrass and perplex; every avenue leads beautifully to the temple of some god. Pascal, by contrast, is the intricate Hercynian forest. A mathematician aloof from the affairs of men; a polemicist, in their midst, striking mighty blows for freedom of conscience; a fanatic seeking to impose his own cheerless austerity upon others; the inventor of such domestic comforts as the omnibus and the invalid's wheel-chair; the most subtle of skeptics, yet turning every skeptical argument to the ultimate glory of God; his intellectual integrity most dear to him, yet, in his famous "Wager" inculcating the sacrifice of just such integrity;—Nature in compounding such a character refused to be followed by a mere biographer.

Miss Duclaux does not even make the attempt. In all that concerns Pascal's external life, his family and friends, and even his more simple religious experiences, her book is admirable. Her account of the "Lettres Provinciales" and the whole Jansenist controversy, while not exactly impartial, is lucid and instructive. It is only when she reaches the crown of Pascal's work, his chaotic "Pensées," the admiration and despair of critics, that the biographer's limitations become particularly apparent. Here she is content to follow tamely the exposition of M. Fortunat Strowski, itself more scholarly than profound. Mary Duclaux has perhaps become so intimate with Pascal's outward personality that she has neglected to meditate sufficiently upon the qualities of his mind. Taking those, as it were, for granted, she has drawn an artistic portrait of the man as he appeared when he walked the earth. To do that alone is to do much, and the author herself modestly disclaims to do more.

Fiction

THE LONE HAND. By *Harold Bindloss*. Stokes. $2.
BLACK VALLEY. By *Hugo Wast*. Longmans, Green. $2.50.
THE FACETIAE OF POGGIO. Dutton. $3.
UP COUNTRY. By *Donald* and *Louise Peattie*. Appleton. $2.
THE HOUSE ACROSS THE WAY. By *Foxhall Daingerfield*. Appleton. $2.
THE SEVEN LOVERS. By *Muriel Hine*. Appleton. $2.
SHAKEN BY THE WIND. By *Ray Strachey*. Macmillan. $2.50.
A CORNISH DROLL. By *Eden Phillpotts*. Macmillan. $2.50.
THE BONDWOMAN. By *G. N. Ellis*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
THE MURDER AT FLEET. By *Eric Brett Young*. Lippincott.
NOT MAGNOLIA. By *Edith Everett Taylor*. Dutton.
"2 L. O." By *Walter S. Masterman*. Dutton. $2.
THE TICK OF THE CLOCK. By *Herbert Asbury*. Macy-Masius. $2.
AT THE HOUSE OF DREE. By *Gordon Gardiner*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
THE TIRED CAPTAINS. By *Kent Curtis*. Appleton. $2.
WATER! By *Albert Payson Terhune*. Harpers. $2.
THE ISLAND WITHIN. By *Ludwig Lewisohn*. Harpers. $2.50.
HOME TO HARLEM. By *Claude McKay*. Harpers. $2.50.
DOMINANCE. By *Madge Jenison*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
SERGEANT EADIE. By *Leonard H. Nason*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
A GIRL ADORING. By *Viola Meynell*. Dutton. $2.50.
A PASSIONATE REBEL. By *Pamela Wynne*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
MEET MR. MULLINER. By *P. G. Wodehouse*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
THE SPELLBINDER. By *Leonard Rossiter*. Dutton. $2.
THE SWORD PEDDLER. By *Thomas Grant Springer*. Cosmopolitan. $2.
BRAM. By *Charles J. Pelton*. Clode. $2.50.
THE LAND OF THE CHILDREN. By *S. Gussiev Orenburgsky*. Longmans, Green. $2.50.
ELMER 'N EDWINA. By *Frederic F. Van de Water*. Appleton. $2.
OLD FATHER OF WATERS. By *Alan Le May*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
THE SON. By *Hildus Dixelius*. Dutton. $2.
BRAM. By *Charles J. Pelton*. Clode. $2.50.
ROSALIE'S CAREER. By *Faith Baldwin*. Clode. $2.
THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN. By *William Almon Wolff*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
LEAVE ME WITH A SMILE. By *Elliott White Springs*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
MR. BATTLE PAYS THE BILLS By *Mary Imlay Taylor*. Crowell. $2.
UTHER AND IGRAINE. By *Warwick Deeping*. Knopf. $3.
MANY LATITUDES. By *F. Tennyson Jesse*. Knopf. $2.50.
OBERLAND. By *Dorothy Richardson*. *Knopf*. $2.50.
DUST. By *Armine von Tempski*. Stokes. $2.
THE MORGAN TRAIL. By *W. C. Tuttle*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
WHILE THE GODS GRINNED. By *John Hastings Turner*. Putnam. $2.
LOVE'S MAGIC. By *Louise Gerard*. Macaulay. $2.
DESERT MADNESS. By *Harrison Conrad*. Macaulay. $2.
THE RIVER RIDERS. By *Walter W. Liggett*. Macaulay. $2.
SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN. By *A. Merritt*. Boni & Liveright.
AN ARTIST IN THE FAMILY. By *Sarah Gertrude Millin*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

(Continued on page 691)

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Children's Magazines

By Alice M. Jordan
Boston Public Library

IN a recent survey of leisure time pursuits, some ten thousand school children were asked, "What are your two favorite magazines?" Ranging from the sixth grade through the high school, and dwelling in cities, towns and rural communities it may be assumed that the young people in question were fairly representative of a cross section of the Commonwealth, and as no names were signed to the papers it is believed that the answers were probably truthful.

Among other significant results the fact that boys and girls are reading general magazines far more than those published for children furnishes food for thought. Approximately one hundred were mentioned and of these a scant dozen can be classed as children's magazines, and in point of popularity these were far outnumbered by good and bad periodicals of an adult nature.

The first favorite among the better type magazines mentioned in this survey is *The National Geographic Magazine.* Here is evidence that one of the things boys and girls look for is an abundance of pictures of live subjects with universal appeal. Every quarter of the globe is represented in the splendid illustrations that make this magazine delightful to grown-ups and just as fascinating to children. One may reasonably feel satisfaction over the introduction of such a visitor into the family circle. Contact with the wide world is the gift it brings. Of how many children's magazines can this be said?

* *

But to say there is no place for the children's magazine would be too sweeping a statement. Into homes where there is little book buying or where access to public libraries is not easy, the coming of a new monthly is a welcome event. Furthermore, the prevailing habit of magazine reading is infectious, children read what their parents have on the table at home, too often unsuited for girls and boys. Far better let them have one magazine of their own, yet not necessarily one printed for children exclusively.

This might well be, in some families, *The Nature Magazine,* for its fine pictures of animals, birds, flowers, and outdoor life are attractive to many children. The text, too, is both authoritative and popular, written by persons who love the creatures that live in woods and sea. Moreover, there is a section for those readers who are just beginning to take to print and who like it large.

But since timeliness, which is the keynote of a periodical, is of small consequence to young children, magazines for their special perusal would not seem to be required when the quality of the contents cannot maintain a high standard.

Of children's magazines intended for the youngest, *Child Life* has a large following. Gay covers and colored pictures of full-page size catch the eye, paper dolls, cooking recipes, and riddles beckon to other than reading tastes. The stories are mainly realistic, not strong in imagination or originality. It is almost a pity that fiction for little children must needs bend to the popular demand for a mystery story. And why should so many of the little stories turn out to be clever advertising?

More child-like, more fanciful, more amusing is the *Merry-go-round,* an English monthly now entering its fifth year of publication. The contributors include Eleanor Farjeon and Algernon Blackwood, with Hugh Chesterman as editor. A page of "funnies," shadow plays, games, and competitions accompany the stories which, sometimes a little thin, have the view-point of the unsophisticated English child. It is such a magazine as Christopher Robin might read.

As for magazines mainly for older children:

After a period of depression, *St. Nicholas* is returning to values in content and illustrations more nearly worthy the glorious days of its youth. While the fiction is mainly the average boy and girl story, there are notable exceptions and the departments have much live matter, briefly put, current events, foreign affairs, radio and science, all in qualified hands. Non-fiction of high merit, such as Dallas Lore Sharp's life of John Burroughs, "The Lad of the Mountains," promises well for the coming year.

Boy's Life and *The American Boy,* both overgrown to awkward size, are read to pieces in the libraries. Although the former is the organ of the Boy Scouts, it addresses itself also to many outside that brotherhood, because scout activities coincide so largely with the tastes of a normal boy. In both, beside the special articles which deal with scouting, or hobbies, or construction, there are lively tales of adventure on the sea or in the air, in tropical jungles or on frozen plains. Each magazine occasionally contains a really noteworthy story, but in the main they follow well traveled paths of clean and wholesome fiction which has its day of popularity and disappears.

Similar to these in method of approach to its readers, *The Open Road* is more agreeable to handle by reason of its convenient shape and size. After several years of experimenting *The Open Road* has settled down into a monthly for boys with serial stories of about the same grade as those in the other magazines for boys, and typical columns for the discussion of stamp collections and mechanics.

While sport and adventure tales may capture the lover of outdoor life, *The Open Road* has now on hand the more serious project of encouraging international friendships by promoting a system of correspondence between American boys and those of foreign countries. Each number of the paper lists the names of boys in other lands who wish to have letters in English from American boys to whom they will write in turn. "My Friend Abroad," is evidently a taking idea. Letters from different parts of the world are printed in the magazine and one young American reports having a hundred friends in thirty-three countries. We cannot help wondering whether *The Open Road* with its high ideals is wholly satisfied with the character of some of the matter in its advertising pages.

What *Boy's Life* does for one group of Scouts, *The American Girl* does for the other. Under the editorship of Helen Ferris it freed itself from too confining limitations and became more interesting to girls in general. Together with the stories by favorite writers appear sections on dress and cooking, gardening and reading, all rational and enlightening, stressing the sane and wholesome view point of the Girl Scouts.

A close relative, *Everygirl's,* is the mouthpiece of the Camp Fire Girls to whose particular undertakings it devotes most of its space. It was a pleasant surprise to find in the midst of commonplace fiction in a recent number, that perfect gem by Katharine Mansfield, "The Doll's House."

As *The Youth's Companion* starts its second century its plight resembles that of the man who would fain serve two masters. Tradition endears it to certain old subscribers to whom change is distasteful, but it is no less imperative for it to reach modern young people. Probably it was wise to change from a weekly to a monthly, but surely there has been no gain in substituting a cheap red and white cover for the more dignified pictures of former days, often worth preserving for the historic interest alone. Something for the whole family is offered in each issue and a complete story of book length also appears, besides short stories and timely non-fiction articles.

If the choice lay only between the general magazines of the first rank and children's magazines it would be a simpler matter, but there are a host of mediocre and outcast publications, all bidding for the attention of girls and boys, and getting it, too. Reason enough here, to engage one's self in a sincere attempt to evaluate magazines for young people.

A Great Reformer

MARTIN LUTHER. By Estelle Ross. Illustrated by Paul Hardy. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by Mary B. Gray

IT renews the strength of the reviewer's heart to come upon a piece of worthwhile work for children done as well as this life of the great reformer. It is no small accomplishment to write biography that is interesting throughout; it is still more difficult to write it in such a way that one gets the man's relation to the history of his times and of all times. Both these feats Miss Ross has accomplished, but she has done more. She has written a sketch that is eminently fair and judicial without being either confused or vague.

It would have been easy to make a slapdash hero of Martin Luther of the kind that youth loves and swallows whole partly as an excuse to hate Luther's enemies as he himself hated them, but it would not have been true. On the other hand it would have been easy to lose the reader in the details of the many controversies that have been waged about this great man from his own day to this, giving a mass of evidence unsuitable to the taste of any but a real student of history. Between these two pitfalls Miss Ross has steered a straight and narrow course, explaining her character and his times in a clear and definite fashion, with enough philosophical comment to please young moralists and enough good narrative in such dramatic scenes as the Diet of Worms, and Wartburg, where he threw his ink pot at the Devil, to keep up the interest in the story. The quotations from the letters of Luther and others are used in a very skilful manner to heighten the color of the text. Other characters of the Reformation who touched the life of Luther are drawn with clearness and sympathy, the scholarly Erasmus, the argumentative Zwingli, the practical Kate, as well as the more political minded popes and rulers.

A Good Series

WE middle-aged people remember the study of geography as largely a memory-test; whoever in the class could bound correctly the greatest number of states and countries, and reel off their capitals the quickest, was the best geography scholar. Exciting for the moment undoubtedly, but making no appeal to the imagination nor to a wide human interest!

Present-day geography is a study of man in his relation to his environment and economically and socially to his fellow man everywhere in the world. This human side of geography is particularly emphasized in Frank G. Carpenter's New Geographical Readers; there is a book for each continent and one may read delightful chapters about every country in the world. This material has been prepared from personal experience in many thousand miles of travel and each book contains numerous maps and illustrations The author takes up not only the physical side of each country but its people, traditions, government, resources, schools, and religions. We touch hands with the Bantu in the Congo who wears a loin cloth of cotton material made in Connecticut and whose palm tree contributes oil for the soap we used this morning. Most important of all, these books bring home to us the fact that even the least and most isolated country contributes something to the world's needs and forms a link in the brotherhood of man.

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Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

B. *F., Cambridge, Mass.,* sends me (for the unwritten books collection) John Kendrick Bangs's suggestion that Shakespeare should write "Irving" and allow Hamlet to produce it and play the title rôle. This reminds me that somewhere in the dramatic section there must be a niche for the play that Pirandello's Six Characters tried so manfully to get on the stage.

B. F. adds that in the same book, "The Houseboat on the Styx," Bangs mentions the difficulties experienced by Omar *in writing* the second volume of the "Rubaiyat." He concludes: "I shall be decidedly disappointed if some public-spirited person does not collect, order, and publish, at least in typewritten form, the entire list of titles for the library door." Public-spirited readers of this department are requested to keep off; this list is just what I want for a chapter in the forthcoming second volume of "A Reader's Guide Book." This undying work would have a better chance of being born, if only I could find an opening chapter as good as the one in the first volume, "Four Books a Year."

Meanwhile, I toss to the collaborators of the Guide the request of *W. K., Yoe, Pa., for books on swearing and profane language treated from the standpoint of literature.* He has lately read Robert Graves's "Lars Porsena" (Dutton), so you need not send in the name of this vigorous and vivacious number of the surcharged "Today and Tomorrow Series"; also he has an essay on the subject in the *North American Review* for February. My own contribution is "Tristram Shandy" with its long discussion of anathemas, especially the combinations of Ernulphus. There's Chaucer's Prioress, whose greatest oath was but "by Seinte Eloy," and Henry of Navarre's favorite verbal thunderbolt, and the story of the little boy who said the garbage man must be very good because when a can dropped on his toe he sat down on the curb, took his foot in his hand, and talked to his horse about God.

W. C. S., Dallas, Tex., asks if there is a literary gazetteer of the British Isles, either indexed or arranged alphabetically.

FOUR volumes of Everyman's Library are taken by a "Literary and Historical Atlas of the World" (Dutton), which comes the nearest to filling this order; especial attention is given to the British Isles. "Places of English Literature," by Bidwell and Rosensteil (Stratford), is a handbook of places connected with writers and their work, so arranged as to be readily consulted. The latest of these books to appear is "The Homeland of English Authors," by Ernest Rann (Dutton), pleasantly written and packing in any amount of information. It describes the Dickens country, the country of Hardy, Phillpotts, George Eliot, and the Brontës, Arnold Bennett's Five Towns, Shakespeare's England, and the Lake region, with chapters on the West, the East, and Sussex.

G. V. K., Sausalito, Cal., asks for authoritative books on the two subjects in which he is most interested, Byzantium and Voodoo.

IF that seems a curious combination it is nothing to what I often get; one, I remember, was murder and gardens. The best one-volume history is a translation from the French of the famous Continental authority on this subject, Charles Diehl, "History of the Byzantine Empire," published by the Princeton University Press, $2.50. A brief survey is in "The Byzantine Empire," by N. H. Baynes, one of the little volumes of the admirable Home University Library. But most of us found most of what we know in Gibbon, supposing of course that we are of an age to remember when people read Gibbon. I did not until I was married and at home on a visit, when I somehow discovered that the big, black, forbidding volumes were readable; I can yet recall the extraordinary jolt it gave me to realize what I had been missing. Since now and again people ask me where "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" may yet be found, it is obtainable in seven volumes of the Oxford Press's World's Classics and in six of Everyman's; sooner or later everything indispensable gets into one or the other of these.

"Byzantine Art," by Haywood Pierce and Royal Tyler (Stokes), is a collection of one hundred full-page reproductions; it has an introduction summarizing the history of the art of this period, and descriptions of each plate. "Byzantine Art and Architecture," by O. M. Dalton, is a gorgeous octavo published by the Oxford University Press, with hundreds of illustrations and thirty plates. "Byzantine Portraits," by Charles Diehl (Knopf), are portraits in words, studies of Theodora and Irene, Zoe and Leo the Wise, pictures of noble and middle-class family life. The life of the court figures in two historical novels, "The Beauty of the Purple," by William Stearns Davis (Macmillan), and Eden Phillpotts' "Eudocia" (Macmillan). "The Byzantine Empire," from George Finlay's famous history of Greece, is one volume in Everyman's, while the Oxford University Press publishes the whole work in seven volumes.

As for Voodoo, the best description of ceremonials outside Lafcadio Hearn is in "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer," by Haldane Macfall, a novel that Knopf has brought back into print, and a good thing that is, too. There is Voodoo in Blair Niles's brilliant travel-book, "Black Haiti" (Putnam). In "Deep River," the musical play with its scene in New Orleans that did not run in this city so long as it deserved, there was a breath-taking Voodoo scene, snake and all; there was one in a play by Richard Watson Tully, the one that came after "Omar the Tentmaker," whose name I cannot remember because no one ever knew what it was all about, but it had a jungle scene with attempted human sacrifice.

But for a serious study of Obeah the best is "Folk-Beliefs of the Southern Negro," by N. N. Puckett, one of the valuable publications of the University of North Carolina. Of its 3,600 beliefs, 2,400 were previously unpublished; voodooism and conjuration take two of its eight sections. I cannot come so near as this to the work of Howard Odum without advising anyone interested in Negro music to look at "Negro Workaday Songs," and "The Negro and his Songs," in collaboration with Guy Johnson, both from this press. These are scientific works, but how fascinating they are, even to the completely unscientific!

B. B. B., Hueneme, Cal., a valued aid to this department, sends advice to A. A. H., Riverton, N. J., on books to help get the best out of a trip to California, advice that should be heeded as coming from a native Californian of forty-nine years standing, whose father came as a young man in 1865.

AT least," she says, "I can gauge a little bit whether a book is true to facts and the special flavor of a place, and both these books are that. The first is one that came out about a year and a half ago, 'Adobe Days,' by Sarah Bixby-Smith, who was born and brought up in California and whose fathers and uncles came as young men in early days: the book is full of her experiences and memories and gives the feeling of the country as it used to be as well as any book I know; it is good reading regardless of coming to California. Another, wonderfully interesting but out of print, is 'The Diary of a Forty-Niner,' edited by a man named Canfield. It would be worth looking for. It covers the Bret Harte country, the foothills and mountains west of the Yosemite; as one goes in by train to Yosemite, from Merced to El Portal, one sees the old placer mining places along the way that are described in this book." *D. W., Boston, adds another to the equipment of A. A. H.,* Mary Austin's "Lands of the Sun" (Houghton Mifflin); I should have remembered that myself.

H. L., Oshkosh, Wis., asks for a book of recitations suitable for a girl of twelve who can use things suitable for older girls.

"Recitations Old and New for Boys and Girls," collected by Grace Gaige (Appleton), is an excellent selection of pieces to speak, with a proper balance between old and new. Another volume by this editor, of recitations for younger children, has recently been published by Appleton. "Modern Literature for Oral Interpretation" (Century) is a collection made by Gertrude Johnson; this has prose as well as poetry, and the choice in the former department is unhackneyed and effective; the age of the reciter would be in the main rather older than twelve. Then there is the "Home Book of Verse for Young Folks," edited by Burton Stevenson (Holt), which though not put forth as a book of recitations, is constantly sought for such material. And there is the beautiful anthology with the notes and comments of Walter de la Mare, "Come Hither" (Knopf), which must not be left out of any such list.

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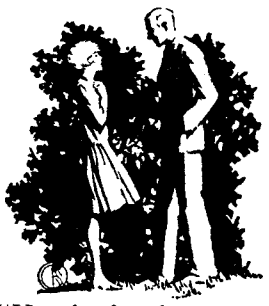

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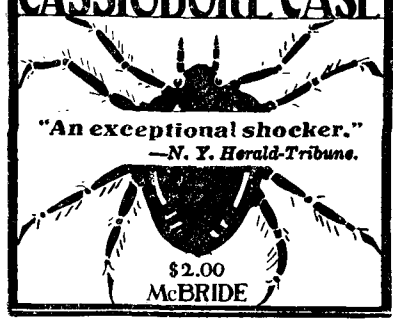

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 689*)

International

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A SON OF MOTHER INDIA ANSWERS. By *Dhan Gopal Mukerji.* Dutton. $1.50.

CHINA. By *Thomas F. Millard.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.

ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY. By *Alfred L. P. Dennis.* Dutton. $5.

THE POST-WAR MIND OF GERMANY AND OTHER EUROPEAN STUDIES. By *C. H. Herford.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

GERMANY TEN YEARS AFTER. By *George H. Danton.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

LENIN AND GANDHI. By *René Fülop Miller.* Putnam. $5.

ASPECTS OF BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY. By *Sir Arthur Willert.* Yale University Press. $2.

BACK OF WAR. By *Henry Kittredge Norton.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

DOLLARS AND WORLD PEACE. By *Kirby Page.* Doran. $1.50 net.

OLIVES OF ENDLESS AGE. By *Henry Noel Brailsford.* Harpers. $3.50.

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT. By *William Bennett Munro.* Macmillan. $1.75.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA. By *Claude H. Van Tyne.* Macmillan.

THE LOOTING OF NICARAGUA. By *Raphael de Nogales.* McBride. $2.50 net.

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICIES. By *James Wilford Garner.* New York University Press.

DEFENSE OF THE WEST. By *Henri Massis.* Translated by *F. S. Flint.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.

WHITHER CHINA? By *Scott Nearing.* International Publishers. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Edited by *H. C. Colles.* Third Edition. Vol. IV. Macmillan. $7.50.

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THE HISTORIANS OF ANGLO-AMERICAN LAW. By *W. S. Holdsworth.* Columbia University Press. $2.75.

TARKA, THE OTTER. By *Henry Williamson.* Dutton. $2.50.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK OF TRAVEL TALK. Twenty-first Edition. Macmillan.

SHOOTING WITH SURTEES. Edited and compiled by *Hugh S. Gladstone.* Stokes. $3.50.

ART OF THE NIGHT. By *George Jean Nathan.* Knopf.

BOOKS IN THE WOOD. By *Merrill Denison.* Graphic. $2.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF POWER TO REGULATE INTERSTATE CARRIERS BETWEEN THE NATION AND THE STATE. By *George G. Reynolds.* Columbia University Press.

LAUGHTER AND HEALTH. By *James J. Walsh. M.D.* Appleton. $1.50.

BIRDS AND BEASTS OF THE ROMAN ZOO. By *Theodore Knottnerus-Meyer.* Century. $4.

MARRIAGE MADE EASY. By *Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins.* Century. $1.25.

OUR WILD ANIMALS. By *Edwin Lincoln Moseley.* Appleton. $1.75.

MOTHERHOOD AND ITS ENEMIES. By *Charlotte Haldane.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE ANCIENT USAGES OF THE CITY OF WINCHESTER. By *J. S. Furley.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

ALADDIN U. S. A. By *Ernest Greenwood.* Harpers. $2.50.

THE ART OF ARGUMENT. By *Harold F. Graves and Carle B. Spotts.* Prentice-Hall. $2.

CLOTHES ON AND OFF THE STAGE. By *Helena Chalmers.* Appleton. $3.50.

LECTURES ON LEGAL TOPICS. Vol. IV. Macmillan. $4.

THE YOUNG MAN AND MEDICINE. By *Lewellys F. Barker.* Macmillan. $2.50.

ONE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS. By *C. Lewis Hind.* Putnam. $1.75.

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WHITEHEAD'S AUCTION BRIDGE FOR BEGINNERS. By *Wilbur C. Whitehead.* Stokes. $1.

MORE WORDS ANCIENT AND MODERN. By *Ernest Weekley.* Dutton. $2.

CAREERS. By *Esca G. Rodgers.* Appleton. $1.50.

JOHN MARSHALL IN INDIA. Edited by *Shafaat Ahmad Khan.* Oxford University Press. $7.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RUM RUNNER. By *James Barbican.* Washburn. $2.

THE WAY OF POWER. By *L. Adams Beck.* Cosmopolitan. $2.50.

THE RENAISSANCE. By *Arthur, Count Gobineau.* Putnam.

THE BOOK OF THE HAND. By *Katharine St. Hill.* Putnam.

THE NERVOUS CHILD AND HIS PARENTS. By *Frank Howard Richardson, M.D.* Putnam.

BIRDS OF THE OCEAN. By *W. B. Alexander.* Putnam.

THE TRANSITION FROM ARISTOCRACY. By *O. F. Christie.* Putnam.

"IT IS SEX O'CLOCK." By *Lee Alexander Stone, M.D.,* Chicago. Marshall Field Annex.

TRICKS OF THE TOWN. Edited by *Ralph Straus.* McBride. $5 net.

MR. HUMDRUM. By *Katherine B. Morgan.* Houston, Texas: Andrew Company.

ETERNAL YOUTH. By *Elinor Glyn.* Macaulay. $2.

RECORD FLIGHTS. By *Clarence D. Chamberlain.* Dorrance. $2.50.

Poetry

POEMS. By CLINCH CALKINS. Knopf. 1928. $2.

Miss Clinch Calkins possesses many of the gifts of a true poet. And yet, upon laying down her book and pondering it, this reviewer, at least, is pursued by the feeling that, for all its fluidity, for all its flashes of originality, her book as a whole too much lacks precision of phrase and complete finish. There are lines of genuine loveliness or of genuine power. There are two longer poems distinctly memorable—and perhaps that is enough. There are felicitous titles, interesting turns of thought. But the meaning of what this poet is saying, sometimes arrived at with unnecessary difficulty, often disappoints as to depth. Miss Calkins's verse has a certain kinship to music, there is pleasure to be derived from its rather weary melodiousness, but she is prone to avoid—sometimes to the peril of intelligibility—thorough examination of a mood. In one instance she locks epigrammatical statement in a quatrain. But, again, in her poems of memory or love or resignation or despair, there is a hint of maundering; and her mysticism seems confused. Her most impressive poems are "I Was a Maiden" and "Tu Ne Quæsieris." They possess the most promise because they have passion and convey forcibly a sense of spiritual disaster. The former is like haunting legend, the latter is, for the first time, an actual poem using the atmosphere of the night-clubs. Lines such as these in "Inn's Comfort" are notable:

We are but taverns to each other,
warmth and laughter,
And the long unshuddering quiet that
comes after.

Yet does this not, after all, rather recall the Nineties? Where "room" and "doom," "breast" and "quest," "desire" and "fire," are some of the rhymes, there is inevitable reminiscence. In "At the Ballroom Window" the poet reaches the nadir of phrase with "memory makes too pallid life's delight," which is simply bad Rossetti. Melodious poetic grief is, indeed, too much with us among the minor singers of the day. One longs for more steel and fire. Yet Miss Calkins's "Romance" is cruel enough in the modern manner, and "About My Mother" and "Chiefren" have their incisive lines. In the face of these, one of the shortest poems, "At the Kiosk," is so badly put together that one wonders why the author included it.

In closing, it must be quite evident that Miss Calkins has the ability to puzzle, to interest, and occasionally to thrill. Undoubtedly she will improve upon much of this first work; and already, in two poems at least, she has given evidence of vigor and range.

THE SAGA OF SINCLAIR. By Rex Hunter. Woodstock, New York: The Maverick Press. 1927.

This book may also be obtained from Mr. Hunter at 1-A Patchin Place, New York City. It is a poetic account of physical wanderings and spiritual adventures. New Zealand, England, Australia, the South Seas, Honolulu, the Western World, New York City, London again,—through them all the pilgrim following beauty and finding her ever evanescent. This is fragmentary song, a series of small vivid pictures out of memory; nostalgia for some dream country informing the whole. It is uneven poetry, with an occasional fine phrase or line that make us feel that, perhaps, with a little more labor, Mr. Hunter might produce some first-rate work. This has magic, for instance:

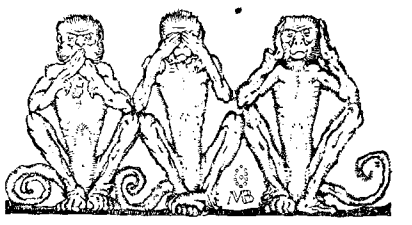
His life was over while yet
His horn on the Fabulous Mountains
With its strange passionate grieving
Shivered the mountain rills.

In several of the numbers the influence of T. S. Eliot appears. But in general the poet avoids influences and recaptures personal memories. He, as he says, "plays softly for you on his flute." Ever and again there is a note of true beauty. But that is all that, as yet, may be said.

FIFTEEN MORE POEMS. By VINCENT STARRETT. Ysleta: Edwin B. Hill. 1927.

This slight paper-bound sheaf of a few poems has given us more casual pleasure than most more ambitious volumes. Mr.

(*Continued on page 695*)



SHOP TALK

Sometimes, they're just customers. Then again, there are bookstores which make the persons on their charge account list into the personnel of a publicity department. The *Travers* (its *Traver* long "a"—the "s" is added to make it plural) have sent a bit of "copy" produced by one of their own patrons—and he evidently likes them. We are about to broadcast a piece entitled "Traver's of Trenton." Please stand by. (Remember. This is one of the customers speaking.)

* * * *

"Morris S. Traver and Lewis B. Traver are quite coy when it comes to talking about themselves and so what is herewith presented has been prepared by a customer who owes the firm $33.00. Draw your own conclusions.

The neighbors were quite pleased when C. L. Traver, who had been running a bookstore at 108 S. Broad St., Trenton, took his sons Morris and Lewis into the business some twenty or twenty-five years ago. Running a bookstore runs in the Traver family. 'C. L.' succeeded his father 'L. M.' who established the business in 1871 after emigrating from Poughkeepsie; then came the advent of the "boys" and finally in 1922 C. L. retired and turned the business over to Morris and Lewis with the understanding that he would have the right to enter the store at any old time and do as he darned pleased. This condition must have been accepted because he does.

While under their father's tutelage Lewis acquired a liking for Americana while Morris' taste ran to facetiae, erotica and the best cellars. An ideal combination. What one doesn't know, the other does, and if neither knows, there is always C. L. to fall back on. This is no reflection on the erudition of the 'boys.' One simply can't know everything, can one?

And so the years rolled on, the business prospered and the 'boys' became quite affable and obliging, and the three floors of 108 S. Broad St. squeaked in protest as books and more books were piled upon them. This squeaking, however, has passed into history. In 1925 the firm moved into their largest-in-the-state, palatial, limestone-front-with-Florentine-trimmings-and-mosaic-tiling-on-first-floor-at-entrance home at 19 and 21 East State St., where there is enough room for the customers to play leap-frog if they want to. Here Lewis decorates the front windows with 'period' furniture, expensive-looking hangings and draperies and sometimes actually a book or two, just to let the world know it is a book store. The shelves are built in so there is no danger of pulling them over, and the books are within easy reach of all except homunculi, for whom chairs are provided. For those with high blood pressure there is an elevator which runs when one closes the doors and pushes the right button and the circulating library is within easy walking distance of the front door.

The clerks are tastefully decorated in pale blue and rose-pink smocks and it is recorded that once a policeman and a governor were seen in the store. In spite of all this, it is a good place to go for books, old or new, and you will not find Dekker's "Foure Birds of Noahs Arke" on the ornithology shelf either."

* * * *

Morris Traver didn't send us the customer's name but we are not going to investigate because we know of many people who would do as much for many bookstores. You see, there are still a large number of bookbuyers who don't care for forcible feeding.

Ellis Walentine

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

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THERE are many famous "Association" volumes in American private libraries, but few of them set the imagination going on stranger trails than a neat little quarto which reposes on the shelves of a Columbia University professor. Its title, "Odi di Labindo," followed by a quotation from Horace, Od. xxx, L. iii, means little. The dedication to Catherine the Second of Russia, from her most devoted and affectionate admirer, Labindo, adds nothing informative. It is the imprint that awakens curiosity: "A Bordo del Formidabile MDCCLXXXII. Con Permesio dell' Ammiraglio Rodney." The second Ode is headed: "Per la Vittoria riportata il di 12. Aprile 1782. nell' Indie Occidentali Dalla Flotta Inglese, comandata dall' Ammiraglio Rodney, sopra la Flotta Francese del Conte di Grasse, fatto Prigioniero nell' axione." Another is "Al Formidabile Vascello dell' Ammiraglio Rodney."

These Italian poems, dedicated to the Russian Empress, then, were written and printed on the Admiral's flagship, and in all probability very soon after the famous victory. This is enough to make this little book, of which no other copy has been recorded, an important bit of Americana. It has however one other point of interest, for inside the front cover is an armorial book plate, on which the original owner wrote his name: Lord Rodney.

A photostatic "edition" of ten copies has recently been made for distribution to the libraries where it is likely to be most appreciated.

The work of the printing presses on the vessels of the French fleet in American waters during the Revolutionary war has long tantalized students. While the fleet lay in Newport harbor, its press was especially active, albeit on shore. One fairly sizable volume was printed here, the original edition of the account written by Chastellux of his trip from Rhode Island to Philadelphia, and several copies of this are known, at the New York Public Library, Harvard, San Gabriel, and most appropriately in Dr. Terry's library at Newport. Two copies exist also of an Almanach printed at Newport, for the year 1781.

Much more interesting is a newspaper, of which a file, complete from the beginning, was discovered not long ago and reproduced in facsimile by the Grolier Club, with an introduction by Mr. Howard M. Chapin of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

❧ ❧

When it comes to making a comprehensive work of reference, the French have

(*Continued on page 695*)

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THE PHOENIX NEST

A GREETING to *Alfred Aloysius Horn*, who landed here last Tuesday! To you, "Zambesi Jack," great trader and follower of the true romance! . . .

Margaret Widdemer postals us from Bermuda that she is there at work on a new novel and, with *Louise Driscoll*, another American poet, is collaborating on a "Sophisticates' Dictionary. . . ."

Scanning a couple of the English catalogues, we note that *Elinor Wylie's* "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard" and *Herbert Gorman's* "The Place Called Dagon," are on the Spring list of William Heinemann. So is *Christopher Morley's* "Translations from the Chinese." Jonathan Cape has *W. E. Woodward's* "George Washington," *Ernest Hemingway's* "Men Without Women," *Fannie Hurst's* "A President is Born," and *Elizabeth Madox Roberts's* "My Heart and My Flesh." But what interests us even more about Cape's list are the following items. (1.) *Laura Riding (Gottschalk)*, the Southern ultra-modern poet who is now living in England, has three books on the roster, the last being in collaboration with *Robert Graves*. First comes "Contemporaries and Snobs," three essays on contemporary poetry and criticism. The second essay is said to give a clue to the work of *Gertrude Stein*. In the third "The Poe Cult" is taken up as an extreme example of literary snobbery. The second book, "Anarchism is Not Enough" (and who, by the way, said it was?), is described as "an amiable collection of demonstrations, narrative, critical, philosophical, literary, sociological, etc. (Whee!) of an unamiable point of view." And then there is Miss Riding's and Mr. Graves's "A Pamphlet Against Anthologies," which sounds interesting. . . .

We are glad to see in the "Poetry and Plays" section of this same catalogue that *Roy Campbell*, whose "The Flaming Terrapin" is one of the most exhilarating longer poems we have read in our latter days, has produced a satire which "lashes South African provincialism,"—only we are sorry he did not command a wider territory. Among the fiction we apprehend "Silver Circus" by *A. E. Coppard*, an excellent writer of stories; *Ronald Fraser's* new "The Vista: A Novel" (his "Flower Phantoms" is one of our prime favorites, a most beautiful and unusual tale,—but why did he not choose a better title for his novel, which is sure to be good?); *Naomi Mitchison's* "Black Sparta," published here by Harcourt—we have enjoyed her "The Conquered" and "When the Bough Breaks" inordinately in the past; and the famous "The Bullfighters" by *Henry de Montherlant*, translated by *Edwin Gile Rich*. . . .

That eighteen-year-old Irish girl, *Myrtle Johnston*, the author of "Hanging Johnny," seems to be quite a portent. She started writing when she was five. Appleton publishes her novel. . . .

From American Spring catalogues we direct your attention to the following items: *Norman Tealby's* illustrations to that boisterous classic of pre-Napoleonic Spain, "The Three-Cornered Hat," by *Don Pedro Antonio de Alarçon*, translated by *Martin Armstrong* (Simon and Schuster); *Thomas Beer's* long-awaited third novel, "The Road to Heaven" (Knopf); "Tennis," by *Helen Wills* (Scribner); "The Midnight Mystery," by *Bertram Atkey* (Appleton),—you should know Prosper Fair, the Duke of Devizes, who wanders over the English countryside again, as he did in "The Pyramid of Lead," with dog and donkey (to which is now added a perfectly lovely elephant), meeting eerie and spectacular adventure; "Love Sonnets of a Cave Man and Other Verses," by *Don Marquis* (Doubleday, Doran—ready April 6th); "Fire and Sleet and Candlelight," a miscellany of poems written by *Eleanor Carroll Chilton, Herbert Agar*, and *Willis Fisher*,—the general title having been given to them by *Elinor Wylie* (John Day); "The Living Buddha," by *Paul Morand*, translated by *Madeleine Boyd* (Holt); all of *"Saki's* works that you can lay your hands on—he's inimitable and superb—(Viking Press); "Down the Fairway," *Bobby Jones's* book of golf in collaboration with *O. B. Keeler* (Minton, Balch); "Words and Poetry," by *George H. W. Rylands*, M. A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, with an Introduction by *Lytton Strachey* (Payson & Clarke); *Voltaire's* "Candide" with illustrations by *Rockwell Kent* (Random House); "Tarka the Otter," by *Henry Williamson*, who, now that *W. H. Hudson* is gone, is the best English writer on nature (Dutton); "The Renaissance" by *Arthur, Count Gobineau*—a handy pocket edition of this gorgeous volume of impressions of the period, a jewel with manifold facets (Putnam); "The Meaning of a Liberal Education," by *Everett Dean Martin* (W. W. Norton); "The Eternal Moment," short stories by *E. M. Forster* (Harcourt). Your outlay for the above will be,—let's see,—$36.50, irrespective of the "Candide," which is very special and sells for $15. But you could omit the books on tennis and golf if you are not interested in sport, and you could omit "The Midnight Mystery" if you don't care for detective stories. Of course, the selections are highly idiosyncratic,—but what do you expect? . . . .

By the way, about this fellow *Henry Williamson*, *Thomas Hardy* himself (no less!) called "Tarka the Otter" a remarkable book. *John Galsworthy, Edward Garnett, Arnold Bennett*, and *H. M. Tomlinson*, all have praised Williamson's writing. His other volumes, all published by Dutton, are "The Lone Swallows," "Sun Brothers," and "The Old Stag." The entire collection is well worth having. . . .

We are glad to see that The Modern Library has recently added *Merejkowski's* "The Romance of Leonard Da Vinci" to its publications. This is one of the great historical novels of all time. . . .

And so, fair cozes and sweet chucks, farewell,—a fond farewell!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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What ARTHUR SCHNITZLER doesn't know about women could be engraved, like The Lord's Prayer, on the head of a pin.

Here is some more cataclysmic news for EDNA FERBER: the four latest SCHNITZLER books listed above are all *novelettes*, but later this Spring *The Inner Sanctum* will release his first *full-length novel* in years, entitled *Theresa, The Story of A Woman's Life.*

The Inner Sanctum confesses an inordinate curiosity for personal letters, especially those marked *private and confidential.* A secret chamber in the innermost citadel of the *sanctum sanctorum* has been housing a choice stock of pre-war letters of rare literary flavor, communications too indiscreet or too revealing to see the light of day. Two such letters recently found their way into one of the most distinguished of current books—by a strange coincidence, a publication of *The Inner Sanctum: Aubrey Beardsley, The Clown, The Harlequin, The Pierrot Of His Age*, by HALDANE MACFALL.

Before the book was released, *The Inner Sanctum* was loath to direct special attention to these two letters, but now that many critics have commented on them with evident relish, and now that the first edition of the book is exhausted, and only a few $12.00 autographed copies are available, *The Inner Sanctum* is tempted to Tell All:

[TO THE EDITOR OF *St. Paul's*]

SIR: *No one more than myself welcomes frank, nay, hostile criticism, or enjoys more thoroughly a personal remark. But your art critic* [HALDANE MACFALL] *surely goes a little too far in last week's issue of* ST. PAUL'S, *and I may be forgiven if I take up the pen of resentment. He says that I am "sexless and unclean."*

As to my uncleanliness I do the best for it in my morning bath, and if he has really any doubts as to my sex, he may come and see me take it.

Yours, etc.,
AUBREY BEARDSLEY

To this letter, HALDANE MACFALL sent an immediate reply, in the form of

A PUBLIC APOLOGY TO MR. AUBREY BEARDSLEY

SIR: *When a cockrel sits overlong upon the egg of the spontaneous repartee, his labour runs the risk of betraying the strain to which he has put his untried skill in giving birth to gossamer or bringing forth the airy bladder of the scathing retort. To ape Whistler does not disprove descent from monkeys. But since Mr. Beardsley displays anxiety to establish his sex, pray assure him that I eagerly accept his personal confession. Nor am I overwhelmed with his rollicking deviltry in taking his morning bath—a pretty habit that will soon lose its startling thrill of novelty if he persist in it.* *Yours truly,*

HAL DANE

"If catalogues come, can Spring be far behind?" asked *The Inner Sanctum* a few weeks ago. Now comes another incontrovertible evidence of the passing of winter—the early March flood of rhymed contributions, such as this quatrain from H. A. DOTY, of Geneseo, New York:

I've just rounded *Trader Horn*
All I wish is
More of Aloysius,
Again, some September morn.

Believing, with MR. STATLER, that the customer is always right, *The Inner Sanctum* announces that *Trader Horn* himself is already in America, completely surrounded by "convivials", and that his second book, also edited by MRS. ETHELREDA LEWIS, will be out long before the specified September—on June 10th, to be exact. Meantime the first *Trader Horn* is keeping the printers and binders thoroughly busy and happy.

Unwearied by the rigors of a nation-wide lecture swing, refreshed by Santa Barbara and Palm Beach, WILL DURANT is now back at the Home Office. On checking in at *The Inner Sanctum*, he found the first copies of his one-volume Philosophers Library edition of *The Works of Schopenhauer*, and a huge copy of the latest R. H. BOWKER bestseller survey, covering 92 booksellers in 72 cities, from coast to coast, showing *The Story of Philosophy* and *Transition, A Mental Autobiography* in 3rd and 10th places respectively. (*Trader Horn* is first—*Editor.*)

—ESSANDESS

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The Compleat Collector

(*Continued from page 693*)

a way of envisaging the whole subject, of combining precision of information with clearness of perspective, that no other nationals can approach. The latest bibliographical proof of this is a "Manuel du Bibliophile Français, 1470-1920," by M. F.-C. Lonchamp. The best evidence of the way in which data is packed into the 600 pages of text, with adequate illustrations, is the fact that the detailed index to this text occupies an additional 140 pages. Moreover, it is written in narrative form, and is not a mere epitome of information.

* *

There must be some books left in English garrets, when a single mail brings catalogues from bookshops in Leamington Spa, Sutton Coldfields, Birmingham, Toubridge, Chelsea, Bayswater, and Oxford, besides London proper and the Scotch cities. The offerings, to be sure, are not very thrilling, but by the same token the prices are not prohibitive, and the buyer who knows what he wants, with a little catholicity in his collecting, always stands a chance of finding something a little better than what he started to look for. For example, E. M. Lawson & Co. of Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham, issues list 45 as a folio fold, with only some 150 unpromising titles. But tucked away at the end is John Donne's copy of a Gospel Commentary of 1616. Next to this is "A Rare and Accurate Treatise concerning the taking of the Fume of Tobacco", 1637, while nearby is a copy of the first edition of Richard Ford's "Handbook of Spain," with a letter from Ford to George Borrow. Half a dozen minor metropolitan dealers fail to provide a single piece to match these.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page 692*)

Starrett is well-known as a poet and almost as well-known as a book-collector and an editor of some connoisseurship. His verse usually has either a twinkle in its eye or is wrapped from nose to toes in the black cloak of the *macabre*. He does several things rather well and is an absorbed observer of the oddities of life.

The first poem in this group, "Presbyterian Hell," *The Saturday Review* had the pleasure of publishing. It is a gorgeous bit of humor. And there are several sonnets that should be given particular attention, viz.: "Galley Slave" and "Newspaper Portrait." They are entirely successful. The last lines of "Advice to a Beginning Poet" and "Sky Writer" evoke the desired thrill. Collectors of rare things would do well to secure this pamphlet. For all his individual contributions to contemporary poetry and prose, Mr. Starrett has not yet made an emphatic mark; but occasional inspirations of his, and they occur to him not infrequently, have a relish all their own. His is a thoroughly entertaining mind.

BITS O' VERSE IN SCOTS. By WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1927.

Mr. McKenzie has had several volumes of verse published, now out of print. This edition is one of the Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books. The author is a Scotchman, who was schooled in Canada, a graduate of Toronto University. He writes in Scotch dialect. His verse is pleasant and racy of the soil; though not of major merit. We quote the octave of his concluding "L'Envoy to Scotland," the only poem of his not in dialect:

My forbears knew the land of song and story;
They walked the banks of Tweed, saw distant blue
Of Eildon Hills; and tales of derring-do
Would boast, and tell of many a Border foray;
Fair Edinborough's town and Castle hoary
And heroes of old time they loved anew,
Mountains and lochs and trouting burns they knew,
And moonlit aisles of Melrose in their glory.

OXFORD POETRY, 1927. Edited by *W. H. Auden, and C. Day Lewis.* Appleton.

NOAH AN' JONAH AN' CAP'N JOHN SMITH. By *Don Marquis.* Appleton. $1.

QUEENS AND CRICKETS. By *Mildred Whitney Stillman.* Duffield. $1.25 net.

PRIAPUS AND THE POOL. By *Conrad Aiken,* Cambridge, Dunsten House.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1927. Edited by *L. A. G. Strong.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY. Edited by *Hyder E. Rollins.* Harvard University Press. $5.

WITHOUT A FIG LEAF. By *Alice McGuigan.* Vinal.

OTHERS ABIDE. By *Humbert Wolfe.* Doubleday, Doran. $1.50.

DRAMALAND. By *Lin William Price.* Vinal. $1.50.

SELECTED POETRY. Written by students of the Thomas Jefferson High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LAURELS GIFT AND OTHER POEMS. By *Michael Doyle.* Milwaukee, Towle Publishing Co.

THE NARRATIVE POEMS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Brentanos. 2 vols. $10.

MYRTELLA. By *Brooks More.* Boston, Cornhill. $1.

Religion

REVELATION AND INSPIRATION. By BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD. Oxford University Press. 1927. $3.

It may sound brutal, but it is probably true that this collection from various sources of papers by the late (1887-1921) professor of "Didactic and Polemic Theology" in the Princeton Theological Seminary (not, be it noted, in Princeton University), would never have seen publication had it not been provided for in the author's will. Here we have undoubtedly learned and scholarly dissertations, from a conservative mid-Victorian Presbyterian point of view, about the Bible. It would be well for people who scorn what is known as "Princeton Fundamentalism" to read some of this material. It shows that Fundamentalism is not as silly in the hands of scholars as it was in the hands of Mr. Bryan. But there is no doubt that the work is both dated and dull.

A NEW GOD FOR AMERICA. By *Herbert Parrish.* Century. $2.

THE ONE BOOK. By *Warwick James Price.* Winston.

THE JESUITS. By *H. Boehmer.* Philadelphia. Castle Press. $1.25.

THE CONTACT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE. By *John William Drapes.* Appleton. $1.

THE BIBLE UNLOCKED. By *Henry Martin Battenhouse.* Century. $3.50.

IN JUNE WITH THE FINITE. By *Thomas L. Masson.* Century. $2.50.

THEY BELIEVE. By a *Number of Authors.* Century. $1.25.

THE HERESY OF ANTIOCH. By *Robert Norwood.* Doubleday, Doran.

THE NATURE OF EXISTENCE. By *J. McT. E. McTaggart.* Macmillan.

CHRISTIAN HUMANISM. By *Russell Henry Stafford.* Chicago. Willett, Clark & Colby. $2.

FOLLOWING CHRIST. By *Charles Lewis Slattery.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

THE HOLY COMMUNION. By *Bishop Slattery.* Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents.

THE CHURCH IDEA. By *William Reed Huntington.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE AGONY OF CHRISTIANITY. By *Miguel de Unamuno.* Payson I. Clarke. $2.

THE OLD TESTAMENT. Edited by *J. M. Powis Smith.* University of Chicago Press. $7.50.

BEST SERMONS. Book IV. Edited by *Joseph Fort Newton.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL JUSTICE. By *Sherwood Eddy.* Doran. $1.50 net.

THE RELIGION OF TIBET. By *J. E. Ellam.* Dutton. $1.50.

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT. By *Ernest Fremont Tittle.* Abingdon. $2.

LOVELL LEADS OFF. By *Ralph Henry Barbour.* Appleton. $1.75.

CHRIST AT THE ROUND TABLE. By *E. Stanley Jones.* Abingdon. $1.50.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. By *Ernest Renan.* (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.

Travel

CLEARED FOR STRANGE PORTS. By MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, SR., MRS. KERMIT ROOSEVELT, RICHARD DERBY and KERMIT ROOSEVELT. Scribners. 1927. $3.50.

This is a collection of sketches in which four members of the Roosevelt family tell in brief and straightforward fashion of their varied experiences as travelers and hunters in many parts of the world. Although big game are hunted and great distances traversed, the record of succeeding days contains few dramatic events. For charm of manner Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt's essay, "Where the Elephants Are," is perhaps most outstanding; and Mrs. Roosevelt, Sr., has succeeded in compressing a lively joy of life into her "Odyssey of a Grandmother." But the chief interest of the book lies in the personality of the authors who have been so often in the public eye. This being so, the reader will doubtless regret the rigidly modest impersonality of their narratives.

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI. By MARK TWAIN. Harpers. 1927. $2.50.

This is one of the specially illustrated holiday editions of classics for which the firm of Harper & Brothers is noted. Frank Schoonover has furnished the colored frontispiece and Walter Stewart has supplied the illustrations in this instance. We cannot say that we find any great distinction in Mr. Stewart's illustrations, but it is pleasant to have a reissue of Clemens's history of the great river. "Life on the Mississippi" is a glamorously interesting volume and one of Mark Twain's greatest contributions to American literature.

Points of View

A Note on History

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

History as an art has been discussed in your columns recently. May I call your attention to California's great epic, the tragedy of the Donner party in the winter of 1846, and the failure to treat this unparalleled episode as an account of the greatest heroism? Sophocles never wrote a drama of human fate that equals the authentic history of this pioneer tragedy.

In "California: An Intimate History" (Boni & Liveright: 1927). Gertrude Atherton devotes about two pages of her work to this subject. Unfortunately she seems to have followed a version first published in the California *Star*, San Francisco, April 10, 1847, which for downright horrors is not equaled in our most lurid newspapers today. "One emigrant took the body of a child about four years old to bed with him and devoured the whole before morning, and the next day he ate another about the same age before noon."

This version has been a dark cloud over California's pioneer epic for eighty years. These horrible exaggerations have saddened the lives of the survivors and in some instances have closed the mouths of those who could speak. To C. F. McGlashan, a Truckee newspaperman, is to be given the chief credit of lifting this version of unwarranted horrors into one of the best authenticated histories written, according to a Stanford University professor of history.

Before 1879 he interviewed every survivor who would talk and gives an account of nobility and heroism in a step by step battle with relentless fate and the malevolent elements of that terrible winter that ended in life's most unhappy choice—cannibalism or death.

Mrs. Atherton centers the charges of cannibalism against one poor victim, Lewis Keseberg, "who was ordered to remain and look after Captain and Mrs. Donner. . . . A third relief found Keseberg looking like a gorilla, acting like a maniac, and no Mrs. Donner. They found her later in the camp kettle and a bucket salted down." This man was seven miles away from Captain Donner's camp with his heel so badly injured that three relief parties had to abandon him. Picture this man, well educated, having perfect command of three or four languages, well, but for that Achilles heel, facing fate as Œdipus did. Loyalty to life for his family's sake forbade the release a merciful revolver could give. Fate seemed to keep him for a long life of ceaseless anguish.

The epic quality of this part of the tragedy is lost sight of if Keseberg is made to seem unfeeling. Mrs. Atherton does not record what appears even in the most unfavorable relief account . . . "Keseberg gathered together the bones and heaped them in a box, blessed them and the cabin, and said 'I hope God will forgive me for what I have done. I could not help it; and I hope I may get to heaven yet.'" This record of reverence to the remains of his companions of the overland trail on whose bodies he was compelled to subsist, alone in that cabin, unable to move out of it, absolves this man of being a fiend, he had the soul of nobility in him. Here we find the epic quality and the problem of human fate quite overlooked in the popular version of the Donner party. Life's most unhappy choice—cannibalism or death? Can a human being live under these circumstances and retain a noble nature? Yes.

The majority of the survivors of the Donner party were driven by dire necessity to make this choice. Herein is fate confounded. Some ate and lived, some ate and died, some did not eat, and lived, and some did not eat, and died. The prayerful Patrick Breen was driven to it to save his children, though his wife would not eat. Lots were drawn on those bitter Sierra snows by the "forlorn hope" party, but who could kill lovable, magnanimous Patrick Doland? Later W. F. Graves, like the noblest of the Greeks feeling his strength ebbing, required with his last breath a solemn promise from his daughters, that this lot should fall to him. It is possible that the only overt act on the living was in the deaths of two starving Indians who had but a few hours to live.

The lurid and exaggerated report of an early day newspaper, suggesting the fashion of 1847—a morbid reveling in horrors—should not have been repeated in 1927 in a California history. Art has not been served as history should serve it. A remarkable chance has been missed to ennoble a page of pioneer history into an epic, for no more glowing faith in humanity can be kindled than the dire rehearsal of the tragedy that befell these pioneers of 1846.

The best two histories of these events are "History of the Donner Party," by C. F. McGlashan (Truckee, California. 1879-1880) and Elisa P. Donner-Houghton's account of the tragedy that befell the party led by her father, Captain George Donner. (A. C. McClurg & Co. 1911).

ARTHUR HEEB.

Los Gatos.

Miss Atherton Adds

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Mr. Heeb has asked me to append a few words to his article. I can only repeat what I have said to him: that although a given event may make the epic appeal to one person, it is the privilege of another to find his epics elsewhere.

I wrote a history of California in one volume and was forced to confine myself to the men and the events that had made the state famous. It would have been a waste of time and space to go into minor details.

But there is no reason why the Donner Party should not have a book to itself, and I hope that Mr. Heeb will write it. It is very dramatic as he tells it, and it is always a pleasure to see the wrong made right.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Los Gatos, California.

Hardy's First Novel

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*,

Sir:

In time we may see as many men put up for the honor of rejecting Hardy's first novel as there are cities said to claim great Homer dead. Most of the recent notices I have read attribute this act to Meredith. John Morley, however, believed he had done it. In "John, Viscount Morley," by John H. Morgan, on page 84, Morley is quoted as saying:

> "I 'read' Hardy's first novel when he submitted it to the Macmillans, was impressed, but rejected it, and then got him to come and see me, and was the cause of his writing another and a better one."

Incidentally, Hardy's opinion of Morley is not without interest. In the same book the following remark is credited to Hardy: "If Morley had left politics alone he might have been the Gibbon of his age."

R. P. LANE.

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